

FEB 2 1922

The CHRISTIAN CENTURY

A Journal of Religion

The Religious Revolution

By Charles A. Ellwood

The Religion of Lincoln

An Editorial

A Poet of the Social Gospel *By William L. Stidger*

The Field of the Spiritual *Editorial*

James Bryce—Friend of America *Editorial*

My Layman Friend *By William E. Gilroy*

The Lion in His Den *By Lynn Harold Hough*

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Does Your Church Sing This Great Hymn?

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HAMPSTEAD L. M.

FRANK MASON NORTH, 1905

WILLIAM SMALLWOOD

1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the
2. In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, On shad - owed
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for thee Still holds the
4. O Mas - ter, from the moun - tain - side, Make haste to
5. Till sons of men shall learn thy love, And fol - low

cries of race and clan, A - bove the noise of
thresh - olds dark with fears, From paths where hide the
fresh - ness of thy grace; Yet long these mul - ti -
heal those hearts of pain; A - mong these rest - less
where thy feet have trod; Till glo - rious from thy

self - ish strife, We hear thy voice, O Son of Man.
lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of thy tears.
tudes to see The sweet com - pas - sion of thy face.
throngs a - bide, O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain;
heav'n a - bove, Shall come the Cit - y of our God. A - men.

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tian Unity,

Hymns of the
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Think of being
able to sing the So-
cial Gospel as well
as to preach it! The
Social Gospel will
never seem to be
truly *religious* un-
til the church be-
gins to sing it.

* * *

Note the beauti-
ful typography of
this hymn: large
notes, bold legible
words, and *all the
stanzas inside the
staves.*

The CHRISTIAN CENTURY

An Undenominational Journal of Religion

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EDITORIAL

James Bryce: Lover and Interpreter of America

THE death of Lord Bryce is a bereavement to the whole English-speaking world. Alike in character, in intellect and in disinterested public-mindedness he was perhaps the outstanding figure of our generation; and by a gracious destiny the night came down suddenly upon an unclouded mind. Certainly no man of Britain has ever held, or may ever hope to hold, a higher place in the esteem and veneration of Americans than Lord Bryce, who was not only the greatest ambassador England has sent to our shores, but a sincere friend and profound interpreter of our country. Only a few weeks ago Lord Bryce was in America, and looked well and hearty, albeit friends could see that he was frail. A small man physically, he seemed even smaller; but his mind was as alert and far-ranging as ever, remarkable in its capacity for detail and for comprehensive generalization, two qualities which with a calm, judicial judgment aglow with deep sympathy, have made his writings so fruitful and valuable. Alexis de Tocqueville was the first great observer of our democratic experiment in America, but he came too early to judge results. James Bryce, by virtue of his long life, shared a large part of our stupendous development, witnessed it with keen, intelligent and discerning eye, and wrote the noblest interpretation of it ever written in his "American Commonwealth." Always a convinced believer, without being an inflamed enthusiast, he lived to see the glowing promise become a perplexity. He closed his "American Commonwealth" with a question mark, wondering what would happen when America had ceased to be an economic utopia of free lands and endless room. His monumental study of "Modern Democracies," published last year—a survey of all the free states of the world, except Britain, which he modestly left for a more impartial hand—closed with even deeper questionings;

often, indeed, hard to know from misgivings, though he wisely put aside "the pessimism of experience."

If Democracy Fails, What Then?

DEMOCRACY, Lord Bryce saw at the end of his life, has not brought us much nearer to the goal of human brotherhood. Freedom has not proved a panacea for our ills, much less a reconciler of our disputes. Self-government has not purified politics or redeemed us from the pernicious power which money exerts, nor has it exorcised the spirit of revolution and unrest. But, he added, "If democracy is flouted, what remains? There was a Greek proverb, If water chokes, what can one drink to stop the choking? If the light of democracy be turned to darkness, how great is that darkness!" He lived to see democracies turned to autocracies for purposes of war—suspending the very liberties which it had cost so much to win—and none knew better than he that it was a step back toward the old night. No sentence in his later writings is more poignant than that in which he says that one of the keenest woes of life is for a man to see his race choose the wrong road, and be unable to prevent it. Lord Bryce was not only a great statesman, ambassador, and publicist; he was a sincere and humble-hearted Christian. He saw that democracy is the inevitable destiny of humanity, but he feared for its future unless it is to be led by moral intelligence and spiritual vision. The stately closing pages of his "American Commonwealth," if put alongside the chapter on "Democracy and Religion" in his last volumes, tell us what was in his heart. "Christianity has never been put into practice," alas, that tells the tragedy of it all. But there lies our hope, if we are to defeat the "new, uprising, emancipated, atheistic democracy" which is at our door. But neither Christianity nor democracy has failed, so long as they can give us men

like James Bryce—men of exalted character and clear intellect, touched with human sympathy and Christian vision, dedicated to the disinterested service of the common good.

Ecclesiastical Politics and a New Pope

THE college of cardinals, meeting next week to elect a successor to Benedict XV, has the handicap of being predominantly an Italian chamber. If the Italian members should stand together they would be able with but little reinforcement to hold the reigns of power in their hands. However, even a secure majority often breaks up in faction, and it is reported that the Italian cardinals are sharply divided in ecclesiastical policy between those who would reconcile the vatican with the Italian government at the expense of the doctrine of the papacy's temporal power, and those who would face reality in the political world and drive the best bargain possible with the kingdom of Italy. It seems probable that an Italian pope will be elected, as is usually the case, but the real test will be over a question not particularly germane to the spiritual welfare of the millions of Catholics throughout the world. Meanwhile, the secondary questions of the relation of the church to modern thought will doubtless weigh somewhat, though it is not likely that any candidate would stand for a policy tolerating such an organized and self-conscious movement of modernism within the bosom of the church as was that which Pius X suppressed. The American cardinals take a more generous attitude toward progress than do the Spanish and Italian cardinals. Being only two in a college of sixty they will not be able to produce any large results at this time. It is a curious fact that the United States, which is the church's most important source of money, has an almost inappreciable influence upon the church's policy. Whether it may be hoped that the new pope will take any more generous attitude toward the reunion of the church is problematical. The attitude of Benedict was traditional, and papal infallibility prevents any reversal of fundamental attitudes.

The Crisis in Foreign Missions

NEWs from every one of the great mission fields where Christianity comes in contact with the ethnic faiths indicates that the expansion of Christianity is confronting an increasing obstacle in the nationalistic pride which resents its promulgation by foreigners. Rev. Masahisa Uemura, a Christian Japanese, declares: "To depend upon the pocketbook of foreigners for money to pay the bills is not a situation which ought to satisfy the moral sense of Japanese Christians. Likewise in the realm of religious thought, is it not shameful to accept opinions ready-made, relying on the experience of others instead of one's own? Is it not a duty we owe to God and to mankind to develop the religious talent of our people and to contribute our share to the religious ideas of the world?" In every mission field there are mutterings on the part of native Christians because of the too long continuance of missionary control of the young church. On account of economic dependence they accept foreign government in religion, but dream of the time when Christianity can be freed of its

occidental shackles. On this side of the water, the tendency is quite in the opposite direction. The trouble in the Disciples camp, now reaching a decisive stage, was correctly phrased by the reactionary critics. They accused the missionaries of not following the customs of the American churches in Chinese mission work. It is to be hoped that every missionary in China of every denomination is guilty of this charge, and there is considerable evidence that most of them are. The missionaries have recognized the need of a readaptation of Christianity to the needs of the orient. When the work is done, our religion will reappear in its original form, minus the complexities of European philosophical thought and the tyranny of the western modes of organization. The missionaries will be needed on the foreign field for a long time yet, but they must be able to labor in the humility of John the Baptist, who asserted that Christ must increase, and he must decrease. The missionary must in the end be eclipsed by the native preacher of the gospel.

Spiritualism is a Misnomer

NAMES of religious movements are given in a haphazard manner and often a name given sticks, even though it is utterly inappropriate. If we judge the so-called spiritualists by their literature and the character of their doctrine they are decidedly misnamed. They should be called spiritists rather than spiritualists. The great mystics would find no kinship with modern spiritualism. In "Raymond" the disembodied spirits still have most mundane appetites, even including tobacco, at least it is so of those who lived upon earth since the Indian weed was discovered. It is not stated whether any of these spirits of recent departure have corrupted the more ancient spirits in the matter of cigarettes or not. In the communications there is an earthiness that quite comports with the mental and moral qualities of mediums but that is strangely out of accord with the character of the saints and sages of the race. It is this attempt to materialize spiritual realities that has been the distinctive thing and the mischievous thing about spiritism. Not many of us would resent receiving a communication from our dead, or even a decent scientific experimentation in that direction. But we do resent having our dead represented as living at the present time on a lower intellectual plane than they lived while upon earth, and more materially minded than they were before. If this is what immortality means, most of us will not be strongly drawn to it. While most religious sects produce their share of spiritually minded people, it is the peculiarity of spiritism that instead of increasing spirituality it decreases it. In the periods when the mind of man is most material in its interests, spiritism flourishes. At other times it languishes.

Cold and Famine Doing Their Worst

A RUSSIAN winter is the real thing. While western Europe is protected by the warm Gulf stream, eastern Europe faces the rigors of the northern winds with no such protection. The people are this winter enfeebled by famine and their blood is thin. The result may be left to the imagination. But even the imagination falters before

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such a tragedy. It must be seen by the traveler before it can be adequately comprehended. What relief means to people under sentence of death by such a horrible route as starvation is indicated in some measure by the letters that are beginning to come to America from the school children of Russia. Many of the little boys and girls of Russia, who are not in school this winter, are receiving at this time the warm dresses and sweaters which help them to face the perils of the winter. American food has revived the desire to live, and the grateful children have written to many American friends expressing as best they can their thankfulness for deliverance. These boys and girls are the citizens of tomorrow. With no political motive in her charity, America has, nevertheless, wiped the bitterness out of the hearts of millions of Russians. The bolshevik scorn for "bourgeois" nations must give way in the presence of Christian philanthropy. As usual, this philanthropic burden falls chiefly upon Christian people. The generous man of the world exists, but usually he is the man who has had a good Christian mother. The church must create and keep alive the sympathy and the sense of universal brotherhood without which the human race would sink back into barbarism. The latest opportunity is Russia. It is the biggest challenge that has ever come, for the need is on so colossal a scale. Local churches all over the land are being asked by the Federal Council of Churches to remit their funds to New York, where they will be sent with greatest speed to the parts where they can most readily be transformed into food for those who for the lack of it lie at the door of death.

Religion in Industry is News

JOHN J. Eagan of Atlanta, Ga., was recently elected president of the American Cast-Iron Pipe Company. In taking office he remarked upon the fact that he was a professing Christian, and that his board of directors were all members of the church. He announced that the principles of Jesus Christ would be the ruling principles in the business. Making application of this statement, he asserted that a reasonable living wage would be paid to the lowest paid workman, constant employment would be given to all members of the organization, and the daily problems would be solved in the light of the golden rule. As Mr. Eagan himself justly observed, it is a sad commentary on our civilization that such an announcement should be considered news, and be broadcasted from one end of the land to the other by the press. The story of Arthur Nash and his golden rule was told with the same amazement by the press. Roger Babson and his talks on Christianity and business have drawn amazing crowds in various large cities of the land. It has been the novelty of his idea that has gathered together the big audiences of men. The orthodox view of business men during the past generation has been that business and religion would no more mix than politics and religion. Many a Christian man solved his problem with a two compartment brain. As a Christian he was devout, believing and loyal to the church. As a business man he was ruthless, selfish and sometimes untruthful. This unethical dualism has become obnoxious to the more intelligent view of business. The spirit of utter selfishness

and ruthlessness was reduced to an absurdity by the war. Men who have recognized the meaning of that demonstration want to try a new experiment—the serious application of the teachings and spirit of Jesus to the affairs of every day life. The church cannot do better than to lend active and intelligent support to the pioneers of the new idea of Christianizing business. The labor problem will be more than half solved when the church so conceives its function and mission.

The Snipers Become Bushwhackers

DURING the past two years the attacks on the federal constitution which prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor have been carried on by snipers. The cartoonist has been hired to draw funny pictures directed against law enforcement, and sly references in the editorial columns of the wet press have built up among the people an impression that law enforcement has been a huge failure, and the federal amendment a big joke. At last the snipers have come out into the open. They are organized into the Association Opposed to National Prohibition. We are to have a little bushwhacking expedition against the fortress of the federal constitution. It is well to have an excuse for presenting the facts about law enforcement throughout the country, for the law should be more rigidly enforced and will be when the bushwhackers get through raiding the windmills in their quixotic fashion. It is in the atmosphere of conflict that we are often best able to bring the truth to the public mind. Such a serious-minded journal as the Survey, published not for profit but for social uplift and truth, prints occasionally the facts gathered by reliable investigators with regard to law enforcement in the most difficult spots of the country, the cities with large immigrant populations. Cora F. Stoddard has been making surveys both in New York and Boston of a sort that commands respect among sociologists. She is authority for the statement that both cities, even with their imperfect administration of the laws, show a big falling off in the arrests for drunkenness and a very noticeable increase in the consumption of milk. The privations of the beer guzzler have meant a better living standard for the babies. The need of the hour is to remove the appointment of dry commissioners from party politics and put it under civil service. The country must elect a dry congress this coming year, and thanks to the efforts of the bushwhackers probably will. The judges of the land should be reinforced by churches and all moral agencies in giving the whisky runners and moonshiners jail sentences.

The Enlarging Roosevelt

THEODORE ROOSEVELT made an impression upon American life which grows rather than diminishes with the years. Since his death one after another Roosevelt book has appeared, and these have been seized upon eagerly by the public. On January 6 a group of sixty eminent Americans, representing an organization for extending the Roosevelt ideals, gathered at the grave of Roosevelt and held simple commemorative exercises. Dr.

Lyman Abbott is president of the organization. James R. Garfield read Roosevelt's Nobel prize speech, and a wreath was placed upon the grave by Mrs. Thomas Robbins. Later the company was entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Roosevelt. During the past year there has been fresh recognition of those religious principles which undergirded the life of this great American. His gospel of a square deal, his interest in clean politics and his aggressive championship of the rights of the people against certain selfish interests have made him beloved by millions. Few of our Americans have been so complete an embodiment of the American life. Though a city man with the prestige of an old American family, he knew the vast western country as cowboy and explorer. Few men in America have loved the out of doors as did he. He was a great campaigner, never fearing to face large audiences in any section of the country. Though not a spellbinder, his well-organized speeches carried conviction. While his doctrine of the big stick has been emphasized by his enemies, and with some degree of justice, his service to the cause of world peace is being appreciated more and more. He was a believer in arbitration, and during the eight years of his administration the United States was able to do much to define the peace ideal. Men of his size are not born every day, and one need not wonder that the circle of his influence, like that of Lincoln, grows larger from year to year.

The Field of the Spiritual

EVERY once in a while some scientist openly confesses his ignorance in the matter of a more or less vital fact when certain champions of religion leap forward to assert the potency of the spiritual. The impotence of human knowledge is the seal of their religion. Their faith feeds upon ignorance, and an invasion of its pasturage by human intelligence is resented as an act of impiety. How many congregations have settled back in a profound religious comfort on being assured by their preachers that the chemist has not been able to generate life! The abiding mystery in which the beginning of existence is enshrined is a holy of holiest to many theologians. If life should actually be generated in some laboratory by chemical processes, the throne of deity himself, their deity, would come tumbling down upon their heads.

Such persons must live in the most harrowing anxiety. Their resentment against a science which braves the mysteries of their religious *terra incognita* is comparable to the rage of the primitive man who cannot abide the incursions of civilization. A newspaper in Arkansas the other day displayed a leaded editorial announcing the final disposal of the vagary of evolution, it having been demonstrated that a skeleton of a human being not structurally different from the present inhabitants of the region, had been discovered in Africa buried deep in a mound believed vastly to antedate human history. The wild leap of the editor's conclusion, and his readiness to base a biological theory on such inconsequential and doubtful data, are not the most amazing feature of his reasoning. Why should he be so eager to reach his conclusion? Why should he

be willing to make a laughing-stock of himself in fretful zeal to disprove the doctrine of evolution? Why should not evolution be allowed to remain true, if it is found to be true? Why should he and so many like him catch at every straw which promises the veering of the wind in a direction opposite to that in which it has been steadily blowing ever since Darwin published his *Origin of Species*? Darwin was not malicious. Few of his disciples have been other than sincere searchers after the truth. Even though they have gone astray in certain byways here and there, why should any of us gloat over them? If their theories are demonstrated to be unsound they will be among the first to change them. That is the kind of persons they are. They do not love their theories because they are theirs, but because they consider them true. The only kind of religion which is worth professing is that which inspires the same attitude toward all questions of fact or theory.

On the contrary part, the religion of vast numbers of us can survive only upon special pleading. It has been driven out of every field invaded by human knowledge, and since this invasion has been so bold and triumphant in modern times, our particular type of religion has been thrust into very cramped and uncomfortable quarters. Many of our churches are founded upon that kind of religion. That is perhaps, fundamentally, the reason they are compelled to fight so anxiously for their life. They have so tenaciously restricted their dominion to the unknown and the mysterious, that with the persistent conquest of the unknown and the clearing up of the mysterious, numerous churches have lost their mission, and the religion which they assume to mediate has been banished from the field of direct human concern. To be sure, the unknown is still vast, and one conquest of knowledge only opens new and wider fields of mystery. But this type of religion, and the churches inspired by it, have grown weary of repeated disturbances in their old quarters. They are like the aboriginal Indians who resented being driven out of their wide and wild hunting grounds by the orderly institutions of civilization. One of the old-timers in Wyoming a few years ago remarked to a pal, "Gol darn it, Bill; we've got to make up our minds that civilization is comin' in!" Hosts of us profess a religion, and build upon it institutions, which cannot stand the prevalence of an order of society inspired by human intelligence.

The way to insure the stability of our religious institutions is manifestly to get a better kind of religion. It ought to be one which rejoices in the truth, which revels in every new conquest of the unknown, which hates frightful mysteries as cordially as does every true scientist, which finds divinity in a searching human intelligence and makes a shrine of every mode or method or program or mechanism through which that intelligence wins its holy triumphs. For many of us religion remains the blind spot of human vision. God rules the unknown, and he has necessarily demitted his office in all that realm which the impious mind of man has invaded. We cherish the superstition that only miracle can demonstrate deity. The explanation of a miracle is sacrilege. The discovery of causes for divine events is robbery of the divine glory. Our conceptions of

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eternity and immortality and the hereafter are of a piece with these perversions. We perpetuate meaningless antitheses such as geographical delimitations of the material and spiritual, temporal distinctions between time and eternity, between the mortal life and the immortal life.

We have blighted the spiritual. We attach it to our pet mysteries, and when those mysteries are dissolved our life grows sodden and gross by becoming "material." Harnack used to say that Christianity means eternal life in the midst of time, and Dean Inge has been saying the same thing of late. That is gibberish to hosts of us. It involves a contradiction in terms, in the vocabulary to which we are accustomed. Spiritual realities which inhere in and are inseparable from material facts and conditions we have no conception of. And yet they are the only realities which can survive expanding knowledge. The other kind feed upon ignorance and starve as life widens to embrace ever new areas of material conquest. The preaching of this kind of spirituality bemoans the increasing "worldliness" and "materialism" of the people and of the age, while, in truth, the refinement of life through material progress is the most momentous spiritual fact of our age. The call of vital religion is for an interpretation of this material progress which shall reveal its spiritual essence and potency. We need a religion and religious institutions which shall revel in these material facts, shall subject them to holy baptism, shall make shrines of factories and machine shops and power plants. We are urging business men and industrial leaders and workingmen to come to "church" in the attempt to "redeem" them from the holiest rites which have ever fallen to the lot of man, namely, the production of those material goods which give the life of today its chief spiritual charm. To make men spiritual many of our churches are seeking to wean them away from what most graces them with the divine favor. We are turning our world of realities upside down, and converting our holiest truths into a lie. Some of our loudest voiced church leaders apotheosize the greatest foe of man, ignorance, and hallow an estate in which it should be the holy passion of all good men and true on hot foot to escape. They have got God and the devil mixed, would shut men out of heaven, and people the hell of fear of the unknown with those whose real salvation lies in the courageous conquest of ignorance and of cheap mysteries and of false reverences. True reverence respects the truth, because it is the truth, and it cries shame upon him who will gloat over the limitations of human power and skill and wisdom to fathom the deeps and to scale the heights of the unknown.

If we could only realize how thorough must be the reshaping of our religious order we would not be so content to putter over inconsequential schemes of church "efficiency," nor grow so despairing of the "times" because our blundering church programs fail to work. We are anxiously devising plans to win back to God men who are finding God in a glorious revelation to which our eyes are blinded. The dedication of material facts and forces to the refinement and ennobling of human life is the holiest reality of the times, and our cloistered churches instead of bewailing the "materialism" of the age should open their

doors and their eyes to give to the age an interpretation of the spiritual life which its heart hungers for and knows not is so accessible.

The Religion of Lincoln

AMERICA makes a profession of high principles when it pays tribute to Abraham Lincoln. No taller soul has walked with us in the new world, and no other words that haunt our hearts are so like the mighty voices that speak to us out of the old Hebrew centuries. More than once it has been pointed out that his style had something of the spirit and quality of the days when the prayer book was written; as if by a sure instinct his mind laid hold of the creative forces and impulses of our civilization. No wonder something of mystery, a sanctity half tragic and half triumphant, gathers and lingers about such a man, who seems destined to become "a Christ of the new social faith of America."

Carlyle said that the religion of a man is the chief fact concerning him, meaning by religion, as he went on to explain, not the creed to which he subscribes or otherwise gives his assent—not that necessarily, often not that at all, since this assertion may come from the outworks of a man, if even so deep as that—but what he practically believes, lays to his heart, and acts upon, and therefore knows concerning the meaning of the universe and his duty in it. That is in all cases the primary thing in the life of a man, and creatively determines all the rest; that is his religion. It is this primary thing that we seek in Lincoln—what Emerson called "the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil"—because there we may hope to find the sources of his power, the secret of his endurance, his gentleness, and his infinite patience.

Where is this divine secret to be found? Not merely in his use of Bible imagery—though the cadences of the great Book echoed in his eloquence—nor yet in his words of goodwill to the men of this or that sect; and still less, as John Hay warns us, in "those who, with the most honorable intentions, have remembered improbable conversations which they bring forward to prove at once his orthodoxy and their intimacy with him." No, the religion of Lincoln is to be found in the fiber of his soul, the qualities of his mind, the principles on which he acted, which gave form and color to his character; that is to say, in the open book of his life. He belonged to no church, he signed his name to no creed; yet he was profoundly religious, and his faith was so much a part of his own being that one must analyze the man to find it. His mind was so moral, and his morality was so intelligent, as Phillips Brooks said, that one cannot be set over against the other. "It is a kind of poetry," said his wife, when some one asked her about his religion; and therein she was right, though he was too wise to be wholly a poet, just as he was too much of a poet to be implacably wise.

In a recent study of "The Soul of Lincoln," Dr. Barton has brought together all available testimony respecting the place of religion in the life of Lincoln, doing his work with admirable thoroughness and interpretative insight. Unlike

many other Lincoln books, it is no indistinguishable blur of eulogy, blinding us to the real man and his lonely struggle with the deep issues of life and death. It shows us the limitations of Lincoln, no less than his power—his blindness to the beauty of nature, his tinge of superstition, his "morbid cautiousness" of mind, his lawyer-like habit of taking nothing for granted. The author sees that one of the greatest facts about Lincoln was his "capacity for growth," to use the phrase of Bushnell; so that what may be said of his religious attitude in one period of his life would not describe him later. His unsettlement of faith in youth was such as often comes to young men who think, and doubly so in his case, remembering the crude theology of the pioneer preachers to whom he listened. It is not true that he wrote an essay attacking Christianity, but, instead, a paper in which he made a plea for the universal and unfailing love of God. The document snatched from his hand and put into the stove in the New Salem days was not an essay on theology, but a love letter. In the midst of his perplexity of faith his sweetheart died, plunging him into profound sorrow, and making his fight for faith the more ardent and agonizing.

Despite his struggle and sorrow—perhaps because of them—Lincoln came to a faith of his own, a kind of sublime moral fatalism, in which right and truth will prevail as surely as suns rise and set. This faith fed his soul and was the hidden spring of his strength, his valor, his unbending firmness, and his patient pity, which are among the sacred things of our history. Holding to the moral order of the world, he knew that truth will win, whatever may be the posture of the hour. Men may delay it, but they can in nowise stay its slow, inevitable advance. In his moods of melancholy, which were many and black—the shadow, it may be, of some pre-natal gloom in the soul of his mother—he threw himself upon this confidence, not so much in formal prayer as in a quiet, inner trust; though, in later years, prayer became first a necessity, and then a habit. The spiritual drama of his life was the struggle to free himself from the clutch of fatalism; and he won his victory through prayer. In the terrible days of the civil war, when the weight of a nation rested upon his soul, and he was driven to his knees because, as he said, he had nowhere else to go, he learned that God does hear and help, that he is personal and loving and, in the awful ordeal preceding the battle of Gettysburg, that it is in Christ that we know what God is.

In order to understand the slow, hard struggle of Lincoln for spiritual faith, we must know the quality of his mind—a profound and penetrating mind, but essentially practical and more contemplative than speculative. Of the skyey genius of Plato he had none. Emerson he did not understand, except when he talked of the conduct of life. For Lincoln the sunny upland where our Yankee Plato walked was an unknown country. By virtue equally of his temperament and his intellect he lived in a dim, dun-colored world, under a sky as grey as a tired face. He thought as if no one had ever thought before him, and when his mind carried him to the frontiers of the Unknown, into the shadow of that obscurity beyond knowledge, he drew back, trusting the reality of moral law within and the eternal Will whose way he sought to know. His mind was ultra-conservative, and such a man sees life for less than it is. Naturally, to a

mind of that kind faith is difficult, and many things which are clear to others are dim to it. For such a mind, when it comes to the edge of thought, three avenues are open—agnosticism, superstition, and faith; and while Lincoln was tempted by the first two, he was wise enough to go forward led by a dim, great Hand.

For all his fine poise of reason, and his wise humor—which is easily exaggerated, owing to its exceeding aptness—Lincoln, like all other mortals, was at bottom a mystic; that is, he felt that the Unseen has secrets which are known only to minds fine enough and pure enough to see and hear them. His humor taught him humility and kept everything in its place—including himself. None the less there was a window in his mind open toward the Unseen, and through it came influences and intimations not justified by his relentless logic, influences softening his fatalism and giving his spirit a nameless grace. One has only to study his dreams to know something of this mystery. He set little store by such premonitions; but, as a fact, at times of danger and disaster he was warned—and before his death he saw himself stretched upon his bier and heard the sobs of the mourners. It was this seer-like quality of his soul, if we may name it so, hinted at in his fore-feelings, that more and more swayed Lincoln toward the end, softening all that was hard within him and hardening all that was soft.

Was Lincoln a Christian? The question has been much debated, but the answer depends on what we mean by a Christian. If by a Christian we mean a man who holds certain dogmas about Christ—the manner of his birth, the nature of his person, and the works he wrought, as set forth in the creeds—then Lincoln was not a Christian. The simple fact is—confirmed by the testimony of those who were closest to him and knew him best—that he did not attain to faith in Christian theology, as that theology was interpreted in his day. Indeed, some of its dogmas he definitely and repeatedly denied, among them the ghastly dogma of eternal punishment. But if by a Christian we mean one who honors Christ as the Teacher and Redeemer of men, and who tries, both in private life and public office, to obey what the mind of Christ would command, then Lincoln was a Christian. If to have the spirit of Christ is to be a Christian, then, surely, if ever of anyone, we may say of Lincoln, as Tolstoy said, that he was "a Christ in miniature." He had a wise humility, feeling that what he did was done through him by Another; he saw something divine and God-made in every man, even in his enemies, and he was endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful. It is a part of the surprise and grandeur of his life that, with his early skepticism and his growing cosmic piety, he should have been accounted the most Christ-like man who has sat in the white house.

Nothing more noble than the character of Lincoln has ever been seen in the new world. The nearer one comes to him and the more one knows about him, the more stainless and just he seems to be. Here, in these elemental qualities of the man—his courage, his honor, his delicate justice, his melting pity, his scorn of baseness and brutality, his self-control, his championship of the weak, his sense of the public wrong as a personal bereavement; here the faith on which he acted is revealed as it never could be in any list of

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dogmas. His life, like the life of the Master, was founded on love, and the justice that is born of love. That love made him suffer, as love always does, and he became one of the great sacrificial spirits of history. As meditative as Marcus Aurelius and as blithe as Mark Twain, as simple as Æsop yet as subtle as an oriental; a calm, grave, strong man, formidable and sad; he stood in the white house a high priest of humanity, an awe-struck ministrant in the temple of God performing the rites of liberty, justice and pity. He was a man of God, divinely trained, plain, homely, kindly, who knew that humanity is deeply wounded somewhere and tried to heal it—his life was his religion, and of his fame there will be no end!

The Lack of Opportunity

A Parable of Safed the Sage

THERE came unto me a young man, who sat before me in Creased Trousers and in Spats, but his spirit was in Sackcloth and Ashes. And he mourned unto me, saying:

The world doth no longer offer an Opportunity to an Enterprising Young Man.

And I answered and said unto him:

Five years ago there were players in the National League who mourned because it was no longer possible to make an Home Run under the conditions of Modern Base Ball.

And they longed for the Good Old Days when a Tick and a Ketch was Sure to Fetch, and Over the Fence was Out. And about that time along came Babe Ruth. But thou wilt never get to First Base on that line of Patter.

And he said: Alas, it is even as I said: the Opportunities have all been Monopolized by the Older Men, and there is now no Further Opportunity.

And I said, When Columbus set forth to discover this Land of Opportunity, there were multitudes of young men like unto thee. And they said unto him, At the Western End of the Great Sea are the Pillars of Hercules, above which are the words in the Latin tongue, Ne Plus Ultra, which meaneth, being interpreted, There is Nothing Doing when thou gettest west of here. But Columbus kept on, and made it possible for thee to lament the passing of Opportunity.

And I said, I am no longer young, but I see so many Opportunities that I would fain be young again to improve a few of them; yea, even now am I younger than thou art.

And I said, It is no more possible for one generation to use up the opportunities of the next than it is for one generation to breathe up all the air, or than it was for Noah to drink up the Flood. For Love groweth anew with each generation, and Hope springeth up afresh, and Faith lighteth up its Fire upon the altar of the soul. No generation can use up for the next the capacity for Loving, or the ardor of Hoping, or the Incentive of Faith. And I said unto him, There is Opportunity in abundance. Go to it.

VERSE

The Wind's Word

A STAR that I love,
The sea, and I,
Spake together across the night.
"Have Peace," said the star,
"Have power," said the sea;
"Yea!" I answered, "and Fame's delight!"
The wind on his way
To Araby
Paused and listened and sighed and said,
"I passed on the sands
A Pharaoh's tomb:
All these did he have—and he is dead."

CALE YOUNG RICE.

Via Lucis

I F ever I dig out
Into the upper air—
Through dogma, creed and doubt—
I'll surely find Him there.

But ever as I mount,
I hear some wise one say:
"Your striving does not count;
Truth walks the priestly way."

CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

Credo

NOT what, but WHOM I do believe,
That, in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give;—
Not what, but WHOM!
For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And his full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.
Not what I do believe, but WHOM!
WHO walks beside me in the gloom?
WHO shares the burden wearisome?
WHO all the dim way doth illumine,
And bid me look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live?
Not what I do believe, but WHOM!
Not what, but WHOM!"

JOHN OXENHAM.

Heart of Gold

WHEN God thought to give to men,
Gifts which all their love might hold,
Searched He earth and heaven, and then
Gave me you, my Heart of Gold.

ARTHUR BYRON.

The Religious Revolution

By Charles A. Ellwood

[A new book, a part of whose manuscript we have been privileged to see, entitled, "The Reconstruction of Religion," is now in the Macmillan press and will be published in early March. In it the author, Dr. Ellwood, interprets the spiritual need of our time in a fashion as sympathetic with religion as it is loyal to the standards and ideals of science and democracy. The book will, without doubt, create widespread talk and deep thought. The present article will appear as a chapter in Dr. Ellwood's forthcoming volume—
THE EDITOR.]

IT is commonplace that a crisis confronts religion in the modern world. Like all our other institutions, religion is in revolution. Says one of our great biologists, "Today we are in the midst of a religious revolution which is going on so quietly that many do not notice it, although it is a greater and more fundamental revolution than any since the early years of the Christian era." . . . He asks further, "Can Christianity become the religion of reason and science as well as of emotion and faith, and be made the power for individual and social progress which its founder intended?" It may be objected that while the present is an era of transition in religion it is not one of revolution. Of course, it is not meant that the changes which are taking place may be accompanied by violence, but rather that a great transformation is in process in the religious world similar to that transformation in the industrial world effected by science, which we call the "industrial revolution." The Protestant reformation was a religious revolution in this sense. But a new reformation is now in process within the Christian church which will in time make the Protestant reformation seem insignificant. The phrase "religious revolution" is therefore a justifiable one.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

Many explanations have been offered of the present crisis in religion; but there is only one explanation which will stand sociological analysis. And that is that the crisis has been brought about by the failure of existing religion to adapt itself to the two great outstanding facts in our civilization, namely, science and democracy. The church must learn to adapt itself to these two mighty forces which are building modern civilization if it is to survive. Of these two, science is the more outstanding and dominant. It is the foundation of our views of life and of the universe, as well as of our material progress, and so it has largely created the conditions which have favored the rise of modern democracy. Yet the maladjustment of religion with science remains pronounced. The representatives of religion often openly oppose modern science and accepted scientific theories, such as the doctrine of evolution, and not infrequently proclaim religion as outside of the field of science and resent its scientific evaluation as a species of "sacrilege." On the other hand, we are often assured by someone in the name of science that science can find nothing in religion except superstition, error, or "the will-to-power" of some privileged class. Both attitudes make

difficult the attainment of rational religion, that is, a religion in accord with the established facts of human experience.

But if religion is a vital element in civilization (and all unprejudiced social investigation shows that it is), then the attainment of such a rational, ethical religion is one of the greatest and most fundamental of our social needs, and nothing could be more short-sighted and stupid than an irrational attitude toward religion, whether on the part of its defenders or of its critics. A new religion radically different from Christianity is impossible and socially undesirable. But a more rational and socialized form of Christianity—a Christianity in harmony with modern science and modern democracy—is needed if the modern world is not to be dominated by sheer atheism or an agnostic scientific positivism. The final outcome of the religious revolution through which we are passing may not yet be discernible; but its possibilities are, and it is time for thoughtful men to choose among these possibilities while they are still free to shape the future of religion. It is time that scientific thinkers and the representatives of religion join hands in seeking to promote the development of a rational and socialized religion which will meet the world's supreme needs.

SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION

Science, as we have noted, is the outstanding and dominating fact in modern civilization. A religion which is "adapted to the requirements of modern life" must, first of all, be adjusted to modern science. A religion which is not in harmony with modern science cannot possibly remain the religion of the thinking classes of the future. It is regrettable, therefore, because harmful to the true interests of religion, that some religious people resent all criticism of religious beliefs and institutions by scientific men, even when made with constructive intent. Constructive criticism should always be welcome in all phases of our social life, for it is the very method by which human institutions are normally improved. The hope for religion, as for our social life generally, cannot lie in thwarting rational thinking but in following it.

This may be evident, but there are many difficulties in the way. Strangely enough, the defenders as well as the critics of religion have often held that to make it rational would be to destroy it. Ever since Immanuel Kant wrote his treatise on "Religion Within the Limits of Mere Reason," there has been continual controversy between those whom we may call (for want of a better term) the rationalists in religion and those who have stood for some form of irrationalism, whether traditionalism, mysticism or some other. Without denying that there are necessary elements of tradition and mystery in all religion (just as there are in science, for that matter,) it would seem that this controversy is no longer excusable. For the issue is not the exclusion of traditional and mystic elements from religion, but rather whether the rational elements in religion shall dominate. In part, the continuance of this controversy

*Prof. E. C. Conklin in "The Direction of Human Evolution," p. 244.

is due to the narrow definition of "the rational" which its friends have insisted upon. "Much of the prejudice against reason," says Professor Hobbhouse in his recent remarkable book, "The Rational Good," "is due to a misconception for which its friends are as much responsible as its enemies. By both alike, reason is often taken as a thing apart. On the side of knowledge, it is divorced from experience, on the side of conduct, from feeling. In both cases the divorce is fatal to a true understanding." Reason, he goes on to tell us, is not a name for simply one side of our mental life, but is rather a general expression for all that is used in the careful and critical testing of experience.

IS FAITH UNREASONABLE

Now scarcely anyone would be willing to acknowledge that his particular religious faith is unreasonable. Everyone acknowledges in one way or another the supremacy of the human reason as the ultimate means of testing beliefs and actions. This is simply the scientific spirit. The whole world has become rationalistic in the sense that it acknowledges that the validity of everything must ultimately be tested through critical rational processes; that is, that everything may be brought within the purview of science. Religion can scarcely hope that the processes which men make use of in judging other affairs of life will not be applied to it also. Religion must square itself with science. A religion which will meet the needs of modern life must be not merely remotely in some possible harmony with science, but it must be directly indicated by the development of "a humanity adjusted to the requirements of its existence."

It will seem sheer audacity to some to declare that a rational religion is possible which is not merely reconcilable with science, but is directly indicated by developed and completed science. It is necessary here to guard oneself against being misunderstood. Of course, fragmentary science, science which sees the universe only in bits, and which fails to recognize the social and spiritual life of man as subject matter for its understanding, will see nothing in religion. Of such science, there is unfortunately an abundance in the world at the present time; but it would be as unfair to judge science by it as it would be to judge democracy by the pitiful examples of it also to be found all too frequently in our world. A science which envisages the total reality, which aims at accurate knowledge of everything which exists, will surely neither leave religion out of account nor be found antagonistic to rational religion. When we assert that science leads to, and will become a support of, religion, we only mean, therefore, that accurate knowledge of the universe and of the total life of man will do this. Surely the more we know of the universe and of man, the more we shall know of God! It is time that religious people stop being afraid of knowledge!

WHAT IS SCIENCE?

But some one may say that science is only a method, "the quantitative measurement of objective relations," that it is not coextensive with accurate established knowledge, and furthermore that the accurate knowledge which we

have or can get concerns such a small part of the universe or of human life that it cannot possibly have anything to do with religion; and that we must be content, therefore, to keep our science and our religion apart. Science and religion, it is said, have nothing to do with each other and should leave each other alone. It is this attitude which creates the maladjustment of religion with science which we spoke of at the beginning of the article. The obvious reply is, that science is not merely a method, but "critically established knowledge." It aims at accurate knowledge of everything which exists, including religion itself, and while its work is far from complete, its trend, its general direction, is such that we are able to see, in part at least, which way we must go if we follow its lead. *Science is progress toward knowledge of reality.* It is the result of the rationalizing activity of the human mind brought to bear upon the tangible problems of life. It may and does regard its work as incomplete, wherever the evidence needed for a judgment upon those problems is incomplete. Thus it hands over to philosophy the work of formulating rational inferences regarding ultimate problems. But modern philosophy aims more and more to base itself upon science; and religion, though it deals with the ultimate values of life, if it is to survive in a scientific and rationalizing world, must move along the same path.

As a recent writer has well said: "If religion is nothing but the submission to mystery, it is doomed. If it is the trembling register of fear, transmuted maybe into softened keys, but always fear—if this is all there is in life that is religious—it is not enough to satisfy the rational intelligence. Yet that is what a theology based upon the irrational background of life demands. In short, there must be religion of the head as well as of the heart, if the head is getting control of the situation—or else religion will share the fate of the emotions in which it has been enthroned. It will be disbarred from directing the life of intelligence, both individual and social."*

RATIONAL RELIGION

Another misunderstanding must here be guarded against; and that is, that rational religion is necessarily a weakened, emasculated religion taking no account of man's impulses and emotions, but as arid and lifeless as the so-called "rationalism" of the eighteenth century. Indeed, a small group of people still exist who call themselves "rationalists," and who display as their chief justification for this self-bestowed appellation a negative attitude towards all religion. Whether or not such persons are entitled to be called rationalists in any sense, it is evident that a religion adapted to the needs of human life cannot be a weak, colorless, largely negative intellectual belief, but it must enlist the whole nature of man. It must appeal to his impulses and emotions as well as to his most highly developed reason. A rational religion is one which can meet all of these tests. That, indeed, is the very mark and criterion of its rationality, that it is in harmony with the whole life of man; only in that life of man it finds the developed reason to be the highest and the ultimate guide. It would be an irrational science which would

*Prof. J. T. Shotwell in "The Religious Revolution of Today."

fail to take account of the whole nature of man, and which considered him merely as an intellectual creature; so, too, it would be an irrational religion which would regard man as a creature of "pure reason," or would attempt so to appeal to him.

Even Kant did not mean that man is a thing of "pure reason." What he meant rather was that religion, so far as it was true and useful, like everything else true and useful, could be stated in rational terms; that is, that it could be rationalized, even though from its very nature it comprehended, in one sense, the whole life of man. Rational religion will still have its appeal to the emotions and to the impulses, as much as rational patriotism or rational morality. It is the function of the reason, as the universally relating activity of mind, to harmonize everything in life, assigning to each factor its proper value in the whole process.

A DEVELOPING REASON

It is for this very reason that we trust the rational human mind to be the final adaptive organ in the process of human living. We need to recognize fully the worth of other elements in human nature; but we must realize that in the complex world in which we live these other elements cannot furnish the ultimate test of our values. It is the reason which must lead us upward and on in our struggle to get a human life more completely adapted to the more complex requirements of our existence. But it is not the reason of the individual which we modern men thus trust to lead us on to higher and better things. It is rather that developing reason in the whole life of human society which we call "science."

The individual reason, we all see, is narrow and limited; but the possibilities of handing down and accumulating the tested product of the rational activities of many individual minds, that is, accurate knowledge, from generation to generation are unlimited; and thus rational knowledge is bound to perfect itself in the race, if not in the individual, provided, of course, that some calamity to civilization does not interrupt its work. The modern faith in science is thus a faith in "the rational," and rests upon a secure foundation of knowledge.

AXIOMS IN RELIGION

It may be objected that there is another element in religion which gives us a surer foundation of certainty than any critical, rationalizing process either in the individual or in the race can do; and that is the element of "revelation," "inspiration," or "intuition," as modern philosophers prefer to call it. Even if there is such an element, however (and no psychologist would deny it), it is bound to work with and submit to the reason. This is shown by the fact that the reason has often undermined the religious and moral "inspirations" or "intuitions" of other ages. Not that these inspirations or intuitions did not have a value for the particular time and occasion when they were delivered; but like everything else in life they were bound to submit to the criticism of reason, and as a consequence many in time have been rejected. Those that we still accept we accept only because thus far they have

been found to be rational when tested by critical reasoning.

There are axioms and postulates in religion and morality, in other words, just as there are in science; but like those of science they must be found rational if in the long run they remain accepted. The critical method of science does not leave unexamined even its own postulates, much less can it leave those of morality. In the one case as in the other, however, we may rest assured that "the intuitions of common sense" will, in the long run, be rarely overthrown when they are well grounded in total human experience. The fundamentals of religion, like the fundamentals of life itself, are not going to be thrown out of the window by science in the name of reason, but rather are going to be tested by reason. If anything is finally rejected by science it will be because, being tested, it is found wanting. Thus a rational religion which shall be far stronger than dogmatic theology in its hold upon human belief in the future because resting upon adequate and secure foundations, is clearly possible. It is time for religious people to stop fearing the work of science and of critical reasoning!

Nevertheless, the struggle to secure a rational religion in the modern world is accompanied by the most profound social disturbances. Our whole modern life is a scene of confused and conflicting values, ideals, and standards. Now there can be no doubt that the main element disturbing the habits, standards, and beliefs of the past in the modern world, is science. The new knowledge which it has brought has often been difficult to assimilate with the old beliefs and standards. Hence, it has precipitated what we have called the "religious revolution," even as science precipitated an "industrial revolution" a century earlier.

DECAY OF THEOLOGICAL VIEWS

Not only have old theological beliefs crumbled, but the theological way of looking at life and at things generally is seen to be of much less importance than former generations supposed. The entire edifice of speculative theology has, indeed, been undermined, and by many scientific thinkers it is assigned to the same rank as the mythologies of primitive and barbarous peoples. Because of the identification, moreover, in the popular mind, of religion with theological beliefs, religion itself, as a "control" over life, has greatly suffered. Not only have religious beliefs and values changed but they have been immensely weakened. Says Bertrand Russell: "The influence of the Christian religion on daily life has decayed very rapidly throughout Europe during the last hundred years. Not only has the proportion of nominal believers declined, but even among those who believe the intensity of belief is enormously diminished." The truth of this statement, as regards Europe, even though it is made by one avowedly hostile to Christianity, can scarcely be doubted by anyone who has carefully studied the facts.

The confusion, doubt, and uncertainty which pervades our world of religious beliefs and values is, of course, not an isolated phenomenon. It is only one manifestation of the general confusion which exists in the whole modern world as regards the values and standards of human living. All the institutions of the modern world

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may be said to be at the present time in the melting pot, being tested in the crucible of fiery criticism. Such confusion is to be expected in all ages of transition; for in the transition from one way of thinking to another, from one form of institution to another, there is always opportunity for confusion and uncertainty. No individual, to say nothing of a whole civilization, ever radically changes his habits without such a period. The danger in all such cases is that confusion and uncertainty may last too long, and that instead of new and higher adjustments being made under the guidance of reason, human nature may fall back upon primitive and irrational adjustments. For adjustment upon the plane of instinct, or reversion to old habits and emotions, is always easier than adjustment upon a new and rational plane. To guard against such danger it is time that religious people recognize the reality of the religious revolution and seek to control its outcome while there is still opportunity to do so.

REVOLUTION AS OPPORTUNITY

There is, of course, no cause for despair in all this confusion, doubt and uncertainty regarding religious and other social values, provided we can get light upon the reconstruction in religion which is needed to meet the requirements of modern life. A period of revolution and change gives opportunity for advance not less than for retrogression. Whether we shall have advance or retrogression as the outcome of the religious revolution depends upon the rational guidance which can be given to religious movements in the present time. It is foolish to expect that religion and morality can escape the criticism which is being applied to all other institutions. Their friends can best serve their interests not by seeking to shield them from criticism, but by seeking to guide criticism into rational channels. Unless, however, the religious revolution through which the civilized world is now passing has rational scientific guidance the chances are wholly upon the side of readjustment upon a lower plane.

MODERN NEED OF RELIGION

But is not the religious revolution leading us straight into atheism? someone may ask. There is no reason for the movement to do so if it has rational guidance. Nor is the general trend of the movement in that direction. The monotheistic stage of religious evolution, we have every reason to believe when we carefully examine the facts, has only just begun. The religious revolution which we are now undergoing, if it does not fail, concerns the transition from a theological to an ethical monotheism, from a purely metaphysical to a social conception of religion. Monotheism is not outgrown, for rationally understood it can never be outgrown; we have not yet grown fully into it. We need a more social form of it; but we cannot escape the necessity for faith that the system of things is not alien to ourselves. If man is to have a vital, social religion he cannot believe that the universe is "a fool's house" which will bring to naught his highest endeavors. He must have confidence in his world if he is not to despair. He must believe in the possibilities and the value of life if his energies are to be fully released—if he is to function efficiently as a member of society,

even to the point perhaps of complete self-sacrifice. He must be able, in a word, to confront the issues of life and death with a supreme faith.

The modern man with the immense complexity and specialization of his activities needs religion, if anything, even more than did primitive man, to safeguard his social life. He needs it because he lives in a more complex world in which the difficulties of adjustment are greater. He needs it also because of his higher intellectual development which makes it more necessary for him to see a meaning in things beyond mere appearances if he is to adjust himself successfully to them. He needs it, finally, because a stronger and more universal good will are necessary as social interdependence in a world-wide social life develops.

But there is no argument, someone may say, for the truth or validity of religion in the fact that man needs religion. Even if this is so, there is plenty of argument for the truth of religion, just as for the truth of science, in the facts of human experience. Science affirms to be true what is tested by experience. It does not proceed wholly by doubt. Faith in the world of human experience, when taken as a whole and its errors allowed to cancel one another, is the supreme faith of science; and it is a rational faith. It is even so with sane religion. It, too, builds itself up out of the experience of life. If it affirms as true certain beliefs and values, it is because it finds these to be justified by their works in the lives of men and in the whole structure of human society. The chief difference in the history of religion and the history of science is that science has kept the open mind and has revised its appraisals of truth as experience has widened; but religion, becoming immeshed in traditionalism, has too often refused to do this, and so remained static while society has been evolving. Is it not time that our religion become suffused with the scientific spirit?

A DYNAMIC FAITH

The religious revolution has now given religion the opportunity to become a dynamic rather than a static thing—to become "experimental" as it were; to base itself upon the experience and needs of men in a present world. Thus between science and religion opposition should lessen. When science becomes fully positive and constructive it will point the way to rational religion; and when religion becomes rational, it will itself become suffused with the spirit of modern science and will seek in science, particularly in the social sciences, its ally. The religious revolution need not end in chaos and irreligion. The sociologist believes it can and should end, if guided by intelligence, in a new era of rational religious faith.

The great English painter, Watts, symbolized the faith, or rather the lack of faith, of the nineteenth century in his picture of Hope seated blindfold upon the earth. But such a view of man's relations to the universal reality can hardly be taken as the final verdict of the rational mind. The absolute agnosticism and skepticism of the nineteenth century can scarcely be regarded as more than an abnormal mental attitude brought about by the confusion and uncertainty of a transitional era in religious beliefs. Beyond it surely lies an era of rational and understanding faith.

The ages of faith are not past, as we are often told; for faith is of the very essence of normal human life. The ages of irrational faith, we may hope, are past or passing; but the age of a rational and understanding faith is still ahead. We doubtless need the maximum of faith, not the minimum, but it must be a faith built upon facts. To reach such faith we cannot turn our backs on knowledge, on science, and revert again to mysticism. We must not fear intelligence. Our safety must consist in following it in building up, on the facts of life and of the universe, a reasonable faith.

Says Prof. Gerald Birney Smith: "Beneath the stirrings and seethings of modern unrest, one discerns dimly the outlines of a religion which shall trust in the larger future instead of being bound literally to the past; which shall glory in the capacity of man to use God's resources to remake this world instead of inculcating a passive dependence on supernatural forces which lie out of man's reach; which shall develop scientific control into a mighty instrument for the welfare of man instead of uttering warnings against the 'dangers' of scientific theories."*

It is such a religion to which the religious leaders of vision are pointing, and which we shall attempt to outline.

My Layman Friend

By William E. Gilroy

IT IS related of Spurgeon that on one occasion, when a church committee had applied to him to recommend them a pastor, and had given innumerable details as to the requirements and abilities, the great preacher replied by sending a large sheet of brown paper, which he asked them to cut into the size and shape of pastor desired. All laymen are not so exacting and specific, though we are very familiar with descriptions of the ideal minister, and with criticisms of the ministry from the layman's standpoint. The average layman knows about the sort of minister he wants, but how seldom, unless it be that in some indirect way in which the minister is always harping upon it, do we hear the latter speak of the sort of layman he wants.

It is, perchance, a somewhat perilous topic. It is a peculiar function of the ministry to be criticized, but laymen are a privileged class. The "hard-headed," plain, practical man, accustomed to prompt and sweeping decisions, especially if he be "successful," is privileged to speak dogmatically by ministry and church. He usually knows exactly what is wrong, and he is prepared to find his way about with ease, where less practical, spiritually timorous men feel a sense of mystery, if not a degree of doubt. The average minister knows the sort of layman he wants, but he is a little diffident about expressing it. He is somewhat over-awed, and distrustful of his own demands. But here and there, even in the ministry, someone blurts out what other men are thinking; and that is the *raison d'être* of this article.

The sort of layman I like must be first of all a man

who will regard and treat me as a man. I do not want him to think of me as in a class apart, or as a sort of member of a third sex. The ministry, to me, is a "man's job." If I did not think so, I would not be a minister; and if the layman sees it, as I see it, he will understand that because I am a minister I am none the less a man. I want him to treat me upon a plane of frankness and straightforwardness. I do not want any artificial reverence for my "cloth," or any undue deference to my opinions. On the whole, I want no special privileges, though I am not sure that I must entirely renounce these, if they are offered or conferred in the spirit that appreciates some of the special sacrifices and limitations to which the minister still is subject. I want no privileges that have the taint of tips and concessions. Mine is a high calling. I have no desire to see it debased, or commercialized, even if it should mean a fairer reward and more "pay." The sort of layman I like, if he appreciates my calling and my manhood, will never think of rating me according to my "pay." There is all too common a tragedy underlying the words of the young minister, who had brought high training and noble ideals to the field where he worked for a pittance: "I did not object to my pay, but I did object to my rating."

The difficulty of securing today sufficient ministers of the right sort does not lie entirely, nor even principally, in the meagerness of salaries. Deeper than that is the consciousness that too often a man's real worth is estimated according to that very meagerness of salary; and the man of high abilities, who is giving sacrificial service and doing his best, knows that, if he were called somewhere else at double the salary he is receiving, he would immediately rise in the estimation of those who ought to value him for the spiritual worth of his character and services, and all the more because he is so little concerned about material reward. The sort of layman I like must understand that I am a man, who by deliberate choice has renounced the ordinary competitions and ambitions of life, in behalf of a high calling. I desire that he shall treat me as a man in relation to that calling, and judge me only by my manhood, and by my fidelity to the standards of my profession.

A SUPPORTER OF THE MINISTRY

The layman I like must remember that his obligations are not fulfilled, either toward God or toward me, when he shares in employing me and in paying my salary. In supporting me he is supporting a minister and a ministry. He must think of me primarily, not as a hired man, nor even as the servant of the church. As a minister I am trustee of truth, a minister "of the gospel," responsible to God for that trust and ministry. The conscientious, Christian layman will realize that in his gifts to the church he is endowing a ministry, and not supporting a man in a certain position. Only this realization can enable him to assume toward me the proper attitude. Paul was very insistent that he was not to be judged by those to whom he ministered, nor was he even to judge himself; he was to be judged by the Christ to whose ministry he was pledged.

*"Social Idealism and the Changing Theology," p. 154.

The layman who understands this will have toward me a great sympathy, and a great expectancy. He will be kind toward my faults, because he rightly assumes that I shall attempt great things. He will understand that the height of one's standard suggests the measure of one's possibility of failure. As man to man, understanding how consecrated I am toward the great purposes of the ministry, and sharing these great purposes with me, he will not hesitate to tell me where he thinks I am failing, and in what respects he thinks I might make my ministry more effective. Nor will he feel sore, or disappointed, if I fail to see that he is right, and stand to my guns even in a course that he deems inadvisable. I like a layman who will be free, frank, and brotherly, in advice and counsel, but who will realize that I must ultimately make the decision—that advice that I am bound to take, or suffer dire penalties in the estrangement or opposition of the counsellor, is not really advice, but dictation. I like a layman with whom I can share in a brotherly way the visions and purposes, the hopes and disappointments, of a Christian ministry. If I am what I ought to be, and he is what he ought to be, there should be no difficulty in our entering freely and fully into such trustful and helpful relationships. And I desire, also, that when he thinks my opportunities of usefulness, for any reason whatever, are weakened or ended, so that it is advisable to seek some other field for my ministry, he shall, not as critic or foe, but as friend or brother, tell me just how he thinks matters stand. He will not shrink from an unpleasant task, if love and sincerity point the way, and, if his actions toward me are all motivated in love and sincerity, I shall have no cause for complaint.

AS A SYMPATHETIC FRIEND

I like a layman who will appreciate the special difficulties and conditions of my life as a minister. If he sees beneath the surface he will perceive that far from being a safe life it is a life of special temptations. If he is the right sort of layman he will help me to avoid the pitfalls. He will help me to be honest by never expecting me to hedge or equivocate in the proclamation of what I believe to be true. No matter how important they may seem to him he will not expect me to utter opinions that are not my own, or demand that I preach doctrines that I do not believe. He may feel free to express his own judgments; if my ministry does not appeal to him as essentially a gospel ministry, he is free to tell me so. I shall respect him if he refuses to support me. But if he is my friend, and my professed supporter, he will accord me a large freedom, he will help to safeguard me against temptation, and he will help me to be honest toward myself and toward God.

He must help me also to avoid the temptation of prostituting my pulpit and ministry to trivial things and superficial subjects. He may demand that I make things interesting, that my thoughts be mature, well-chosen, and properly clad in speech, but he will strive to see that my ministry moves upon the high planes and among the great things. Let him remember that even in the world of the highest spiritual things, demand in some measure affects supply.

If he is puzzled, or distressed, by anything in my public utterance, if he is my friend, he will come to me. Perhaps he has misunderstood my words, possibly he misses their implication, possibly I can show him that they are justified. But let him come to me; no minister wants the sort of layman, who half-understands or wholly misunderstands, and who goes babbling around making trouble.

The sort of layman I like will help me against the most deadly of all enemies—discouragement, by a judicious and timely word of uplift. He will know that I am not looking for adulation, or fulsome words of flattery. He will know, perchance, that an indication that he has seen, with sympathy, my failure in the high thing I sought to do, means far more at times than any amount of appreciation of what I have actually done. How pitifully harsh laymen are at times toward our failure, and how can a minister who has as high a standard as he ought to have do anything but fail? I should like my layman friend to come at times into the inner sanctuary of his minister's soul, and view with sympathy the doubts and fears, the aspirations and longings, the disappointments and shortcomings, the loves and sympathies, pangs and heartbreaks, that fill his life. And I should like, also, for him to see at times a touch of the minister's glory. It is when a minister finds a layman who can see these things, and feel them, that he feels that all the limitations and sacrifices of his calling are worth while, and he is inspired to go on.

AN EXPECTANT CRITIC

I like the sort of layman who will expect a great deal. Why should he not have a high standard for me, and for himself? I hope he has it for himself as well as for me, but in any case let him expect a great deal from me. I want him to be in the truest and best sense of the word, a critic—a man who wants to see me at my best, and doing my best, and who will help me with kindness, co-operation and counsel, to attain it. I want him to accord me great liberty, but I desire also that he shall demand from me the sort of liberty he accords. Intolerance is no more virtuous in a minister than a layman. He must not lord it over me, and he must not allow me to lord it over him. I want him to think for himself, and to tell me very plainly and frankly what he thinks. If he desires any help from me, he must be as frank as he would be with his physician were he seeking remedy for bodily ills. I should like him to remember that the true critic approves and commends, quite as often as he condemns. Also, that in a Christian fellowship all criticism should be from within rather than from without. If the layman is to help in my life and my work, he must approach it with the thought that it is his as well as mine. I do not want any irresponsible criticism; if it is to be of help to me criticism must be inspired by the passion to make everything better, and that passion is quickened by love.

I like the sort of layman, in short, who will be a Christian friend and brother. If he is that first of all, and all the time, the details will take care of themselves. And, best of things I have specified should not appeal equally to other ministers, the wise layman will study his pastor before conforming to them too literally.

A Poet of the Social Gospel

By William L. Stidger

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON, from "Livelihood" to "Neighbors"; through "Hill Tracks," "Woman-kind," "Daily Bread," "Borderlands and Thor-oughfares" sets flames of faith burning on the slag heaps of life, along the common highways that men and women of toil are compelled to tread; down in coal mines; in factories and mills; in dirty village streets, in dirtier village homes; amid smoke, and ruin, and death and decay.

Kilmer's flames of faith are set burning on city streets, roofs, and shops; Angela Morgan's on mountain peaks and in the heart of home; Millay's flames of faith are set burning where death hovers, and graves are flower bedecked, and loneliness lifts feebly its weary head. Gillilan and Guest and Riley have flung the flame of their faith upon the hearth of homes to keep burning forever these fires. But Gibson has set his fires above the dump piles and the slag heaps, and in the furnaces of factories burning with a great light of Faith in Humanity; the humanity that toils and sweats and breaks and dies that others may live. That is a vivid, burning, flare of faith he has lighted.

Poet Gibson is an English writer, from that land which has given us in recent years, not only some of our greatest contemporary poets but some of our greatest world-poets, including Alfred Noyes, John Masefield, Rupert Brooke, and Francis Thompson. All of this new poet's sermons are on the every-day, common things and needs of life and they are full of heartaches, full of want and need and seeming hopelessness, as some of the unique titles to his books and poems will indicate. The titles to his poems themselves will indicate how close to earth and how close to the common, human needs of men, women and children his writings are: "The Wife," "The Machine Shop," "The Shop," "The Brothers," "The Crane," "The Money," "The Ovens," "The Slag," "All of these titles are selected at random from "Fires." "Old Skinflint," "Ambulance Train," "The Mugger's Song," "Pity Me," "Pedlar Jack," and "The Lonely Tree" are some selected at random from "Hill-Tracks"; while from "Livelihood" are selected the following enlightening and suggestive poem titles: "The Old Nail Shop," "The Shaft," "The Drove Road," "The Plough," "The News," "The Blast-Furnace," "The Lamp," and "Make-shifts."

The new social gospel is here. It is rolling in like a full swinging tide. Lowell well said a good many years ago, that the New Testament contained "social dynamite" as soon as the preachers and the teachers and people found it out. It contains more than that, as the world is discovering these days. It contains social T.N.T. And yet, it also contains the very oil of peace for the troubled waters of the social world if we will follow the leadership and give to the world the gospel in its full.

In a little verse that is used as a prelude to "Fires," Gibson paints a pretty good portrait of many of us who are "well-fed":

Snug in my easy chair,
I stirred the fire to flame.

Fantastically fair,
The flickering fancies came,
Born of heart's desire;
Amber woodland streaming,
Topaz islands dreaming,
Sunset cities gleaming
Spire on burning spire;
Ruddy windowed taverns,
Sunshine-spilling wines,
Crystal-lighted caverns
Of Golconda's mines;
Summers unreturning,
Passion's crater yearning,
Troy, the ever-burning,
Shelley's lustral pyre,
Dragon eyes unsleeping,
Witches' caldrons leaping,
Golden galleys sweeping
Out from sea-walled Tyre;
Fancies fugitive and fair,
Flashed with singing through the air,
Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light,
And saw in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

Most of us too easily forget "the man who hews the coal to feed my fire" in the day dreams that come out of the burning coal; and we forget the man, aye the hundreds of men, women, and children, who toil in the night watches that we may have our milk and our bread for breakfast; and we forget the slaves who burn their eyes and their souls, that we may have the very clothes that make us feel so sanctimonious of a Sunday morning at the church, when we preach and when we pray. God pity us, and make us see, back of the flames that leap and make us warm, the man who "hewed the coal."

Help us to see it, but if we cannot with our imaginations let us read; especially those of us who are preachers and who want to know the signs of the times. For must we not remember that, as Shelley said, "poets are the trumpets which sound to battle; poets are the acknowledged legislators of the world"? Let us see the picture of "The Brothers" who worked in the mine where that coal came from that we spoke of a minute ago; the coal that started this book in the poet's mind; let us hear the crumpling of the roof of that coal-mine, and the rumbling of the falling slate; and let us see two brothers; brothers who had quarreled in the morning, as they face death in the cold dampness of the mine saying to each other:

Bob gripped Dick's hand; and then no more was said.
As slowly, all about them rose
The deadly after-damp; but close
They sat together, hand in hand,
Then their minds wandered; and Dick seemed to stand
And shout till he was hoarse
To speed his winning whippet down the course . . .
And Robert, with the ball
Secure within his oter charged ahead
Straight for the goal, and none could hold,
Though many tried a fall.

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Then dreaming they were lucky boys in bed,
Once more, and lying snugly by each other;
Dick, with his arms clasped tight about his brother,
Whispered with failing breath
Into the ear of death:
"Come, Robert, cuddle closer, lad, it's cold."

And if you don't get the scene of these boys dying and delirious in the "cave-in" of the mine wall, then go to William Allen White's great book, "The Heart of a Fool," and have your souls thrilled with the dramatic scene of the "cave-in" of the mine. It's good for us to keep these pictures in mind as we think and write and live for they are the stuff out of which the lives of the vast bulk of humanity are woven.

In "Strawberries" one gets a picture of the toiler who works that others may have the luscious fruit of early spring; that fruit which only those who are wealthy can afford, but that fruit which means bended, weary, crooked backs of human beings everywhere:

And every woman plucking in the row
Had husband, son or brother overseas,
Men seem to see things differently; and still
She wondered sore if even they knew why
They went themselves, almost against their will.

But sure enough, that was her baby's cry.
'Twas feeding time; and she'd be glad to rest
Her back a bit. It always gave her ease,
To feel her baby feeding at her breast,
And pluck to go on gathering strawberries.

Or maybe this picture will make us see a bit more clearly the connection between the weariness of a worn-out body and soul with the spiritual implications of a decent working hour:

He lay, beside his sleeping wife all night,
Too spent, too weary, even to toss and turn.
Dawn found him lying, strangely cold and white,
As though still listening to the Otterburn.

Gibson burns into our souls in the figure of a lonely, wind-beaten, fighting, struggling tree; a tree that, like our ocean cedars, has been struggling with the winds against fearful odds all the years, bent, old and worn, like the human figure which inspired Markham's "The Man With the Hoe." So many of the toilers of earth have been broken and bent like the old trees we have seen along the ocean shore. I have a dear old man in my church. No sweeter soul ever lived. He is so bent and twisted from the hips up that he almost makes a right angle with his upper body. I asked him how it had happened. He replied simply, "I worked in the mines from childhood; coming from England to the quicksilver mines of California twenty years ago!" He was an old, broken tree, bent to the ground:

A twisted ash, a ragged fir,
A silver birch with leaves astir.

Men talk of forests broad and deep,
Where summer-long the shadows sleep.

Though I love forests deep and wide,
The lonely tree on the bare hill-side,

The brave wind-beaten lonely tree,
Is rooted in the heart of me.

A twisted ash, a ragged fir,
A silver birch with leaves astir.

Does this give you a picture of an old workingman, who has toiled all his days until he is bent and worn; a "lonely tree on the bare hillside" of a New York, or a Pittsburgh or a Chicago industrial center?

Do you wonder that the cry of such a toiler, a toiler here in America who toils in the heat and dirt, walking his worn paths to his little hillside home or shack or shanty up there where the smoke belches and the sunlight never comes, dreams of his old "Northumberland" home across the seas? Do you wonder that his heart grows as weary as his bent back with the struggle to live? Do you wonder that he gives up hope when it seems that there is none to care? Do you wonder that when he sleeps he dreams? God, the very dream itself is the thing that tears one's heart out as he reads it and sees the old bent back:

Heatherland and bent-land—
Black land and white,
God bring me to Northumberland,
The land of my delight.

Land of singing waters,
And winds from off the sea,
God bring me to Northumberland,
The land where I would be.

Heatherland and bent-land,
And valleys rich with corn,
God bring me to Northumberland,
The land where I was born.

As we, who preach Christ and love human beings walk along the streets of our cities and watch the immigrant toiler who is bearing the brunt of the toil of earth, the toil that makes us free, the toil that digs our coal for us to make us warm, do we ever think of him in the light of a man or a woman far from the land of his birth, lonely, homesick for the green fields and the hillsides, but who is bound, a prisoner in iron chains for life because of his economic condition? God pity us and help us to see back of that old man and that old woman from Italy, from Russia, from England, a dreamer still in spite of fate and hurt and hate.

In "Oliver and Ursula Reed" from "Neighbors" Gibson sounds as if he were letting the light of Faith go out:

It's useless, wife, to turn it up; the oil
Is done, and you'll just char the wick.

The oil
Lamps take to keep them going! It's not long
Since last I filled it. Surely something's wrong
With a lamp that burns so quickly.

Ay . . . the light
We thought would burn a lifetime, in one night
Consumed its fuel in a wild flare, and we
Are left a charred wick, smouldering smokily,
To work by till, at last, a dull, red spark,
It shall wink out and leave us in the dark.

But the flame of faith is still burning in "April":

Over the rain-wet bells
Of scilla and daffodil
With April in their voices
The blackbirds pipe and trill.

And lucent yellow and blue
Its clear notes bubble and throng
As daffodil and scilla
Sing in the blackbird's song.

And faith triumphant comes to its flaming own in a poem called "Elegy" the first stanza of which rings out:

Stars that fall through crystal skies—
Winds that sink in songless death—
Are the light within man's eyes
And his body's breath!

The glory of things made right in death; the everlasting Faith that somewhere, sometime the common, toiling, moiling man of work will come to his glorious own is implied in "Peter Proudfoot":

He cleaned out middens for his daily bread:
War took him overseas and on a bed
Of lilies-of-the-valley dropt him dead.

Gibson has faith in the Flame itself. His poems are shot through with figures of speech of fires, flares, flames, candle lights, window lights, lamps, bonfires, flaming slag-heaps, burning coal; and the fire of eternal faith in humanity and God and eternity. I have counted fifty poems that have as their strongest figure of speech the flame, or light. At sunset, I have seen a great factory, its western exposure of windows one tremendous, flaring, blaze of beauty reflected from the dying day. One evening as I was driving through the city a great automobile factory, with a solid mass of windows facing the west suddenly seemed to burst into flame. "The factory is on fire!" one person in the automobile exclaimed.

"Yes, it is on fire with sunlight!" I replied.

It was a glorious sight; a half acre of windows blazing with reflected glory of the glowing sun.

So are Gibson's books. They are full of flame and fire and reflected glory! Beginning with "Fires" and through every book flames leap up through the pages; leap up to mountain peaks and set beacon lights burning; lights against which the tall, gaunt chimneys of factories silhouette themselves; flames against which mighty steel derricks and cranes; flames against which dirty wooden shafts; and weary human beings stand gaunt and appealingly.

But these flames leap beyond the slag piles and the furnaces and set beacon lights burning along the hills of eternity; and then leaping higher and higher at last; they blaze along the Milky Way and light new stars of hope in the breasts of the common man of earth.

In "Windows" he sets new lights burning.

If I could live within the ray of light
That runs through all things everlastingly—
Not only glimpse in moments of clear sight
The glancing of the golden shuttles that ply
Twixt things diverse in seeming, stars and mud,
Innocence and the deed in darkness done,
The victim and the spiller of the blood—
The light that weaves the universe is one,
Then might my heart have ease and rest content
On the golden upland under the clear sky:
But ever must my restless days be spent
Following the fugitive gleam until I die—
Light-shotten darkness, glory struck from strife,
Terror to beauty, kindling death, to life!

And what wonder-filled lights of hope and love gleam in "To Audrey":

A crocus brimming with morning light
Burning clean and amber-clear
Single on the wet black mould—

So to me you come who hold
Heaven in your heart, my dear,
Every morning out of night.

Then, in a flash of glory comes his reference to the "Everlasting light" in a poem which he calls "Houses":

The house we built with hands
To shelter love's delight
From the pitchy night,
Dark and empty stands.

But from our house of dreams
Everlasting light
Through the pitchy night
Pours in golden streams.

The Lion in His Den

By Lynn Harold Hough

ONE of the Lion's musical friends was staying in the house at the time. From the music room down stairs came the sound of the piano. First there was the exquisite dreamlike beauty of the Moonlight Sonata. Then came all the vigor and climbing energy of the Pilgrims Chorus. After that there was silence and we knew that the man of music having tuned his mind was applying himself to some work of his own.

"It comes to about the same thing whether it's music or poetry, doesn't it?" inquired the Lion.

"Probably it does," I replied, "but I won't entirely commit myself until I have a suspicion of what you are talking about."

My friend lay musing for a little while. Then he said:

"Put Tennyson in the place of Beethoven, and put Browning in the place of Wagner and you have it."

"You mean that just as Wagner used dissonance skilfully in musical composition, so Browning used dissonance skilfully in poetry?" I ventured. "I mean that every movement in one art can be paralleled in the other," replied the Lion. "You can carry it as far as you like. Whitman has his musical kin. And syncopated compositions are of a close kin to some very characteristic aspects of the most emancipated writing which is willing to call itself poetry."

There was a little wrinkle on the Lion's brow. He leaned toward me as he continued:

"There is a wonderful correlation between all the arts and all the movements of the mind. Take a great spring-time of the human spirit like the Renaissance. There is the brilliancy and beauty of new life everywhere. There is motion and energy and adventure in the very air you breathe. Then all this uprush of new vitality subsides and you have the creaking of the hard bones of a new scholasticism. You can find just that thing once and again in the history of music. There are the times when the very secrets of the soul seem whispered in haunting and glorious

sound. Then there are the periods of correct and unilluminated dullness, the period of barren scholasticism in the musical world."

"How do you account for it? Why do all the arts tell the same story in their own individual way?"

"That is just because they are all the expression of the same struggling aspiring human spirit. The one vital energy moves through them all."

Now the musician below began to play one of Chopin's Nocturnes. And we sat quite silent letting it speak to us. Then the Lion went on and it seemed as if his speaking was actual thinking aloud.

"There really isn't much place for scorn," he said. "Even the movements which seem most bizarre and barbaric come from some actual thing in human nature. They need to be understood and disciplined and then bent to some fine artistic and human purpose. The great builders of the thirteenth century understood it. Think of how they used gargoyles. There does not seem to be anything very prepossessing about these grinning leering devils. But the architects of the middle ages understood them and used them. But they put them into the total beauty and serene joyfulness of their great cathedrals in such a fashion that the total effect of perfect and aspiring beauty was enhanced by their presence. The petty mind despises the new and raw and crude thing. The wise and understanding mind takes it up with a certain masterful sympathy and includes it in a total work in which all the raw crudity is lost in the ample fullness and maturity of the completed work."

"There's something like a philosophy of art in that attitude," I remarked while the Lion puckered his brow in further thought. He went on quite as if I had not spoken: "You cannot go back to Athens. You cannot go back to Florence. You cannot go back to anything. You must always go on. But you can carry on the rarest beauty of Greece and the ripest charm of Italy. Only to keep it all alive you must be uniting it with something deep and characteristic and vital which comes out of your own age and your own land."

"Then you see more hope for the future in Vachel Lindsay than in Alfred Noyes?" I enquired as I rose to go.

"I know what you mean. But you must not forget that Noyes wrote 'The Flower of Old Japan,'" the Lion threw after me as I passed out of the door.

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES A. ELLWOOD, professor of sociology in the University of Missouri; author "Sociology and Modern Social Problems," "An Introduction to Social Psychology," etc.

WILLIAM L. STIDGER, minister St. Marks Methodist church, Detroit; author "Standing Room Only," "Flames of Faith," etc.

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, minister Central Methodist church, Detroit; author "The Opinions of John Clearfield," "Productive Beliefs," etc.

WILLIAM E. GILROY, editor-elect of the Congregationalist.

Syud Hossain in New York

By Blanche Watson

AMONG the many able Indians that have been heard in New York during the past few years, it is doubtful if there is one who has appealed so thoroughly to all sorts and conditions of men as Mr. Syud Hossain. Clear thinking, informative, and wide-visioned—this man has left on all who have been privileged to hear him, an impression that will last. Deliberate and forceful in speech, impressive with not the slightest trace of heaviness, truth-telling without being antagonistic—he has created an atmosphere that will no doubt bespeak for anyone of his compatriots who may follow him, somewhat of the ready and sympathetic response that he has had on each of the many occasions when he himself has spoken.

From the Get-together Club of the Community church, that knows all about Gandhi and has several Indians among its members, to the exclusive Sorosis, oldest of all the women's clubs of the country—many of whom probably never saw an Indian before and knew next to nothing about "the greatest man in the world"; from the Town Hall that bears on its facade the words, "Hear the Truth and the Truth shall make you free" (while it consistently rules out certain brands of truth), to the all-inclusive Civic Club that welcomes every kind of truth, Syud Hossain has gone with the story of India, with the inspiring message of the democracy of Islam, and above all with the unique and lovely message of Mahatma Gandhi and the non-violent, non-co-operationist movement that he is heading. It has been my good fortune to hear Mr. Hossain before seven absolutely different audiences, but it was as he faced the crowded Saint Mark's-on-the-Bowery, after a service in honor of Jeanne d'Arc, that I shall remember him most clearly.

Saint Mark's adores ceremony and ritualism and changing colored lights. Convention holds sway there, and the curtain has to be drawn in front of the altar before any outsider can take his place at the reading desk. It was the holiday season, and the speaker stood beside a Christmas tree lighted with tiny colored electric bulbs. It was a strange setting, in more ways than one, and decidedly a far cry from the Community church where I had first heard him speak. Saint Mark's is the oldest church site in the city, and the second oldest church edifice. It carries one back to the early English settlers; it calls to mind the tradition of former days; it clings to ritual and the incense-pot; it delights in cassocks and candles. It is religious conformity objectified. The Community church, on the other hand, breathes religious radicalism. Should a member-in-good-standing from Saint Mark's set his foot within its heretical precincts, he—well, he might possibly jeopardize that "good standing." The Community church spells not only religious but social and political radicalism.

But, there is a likeness between these two religious groups, in that each is presided over by a man of power. Tolerant, sympathetic, broad-minded—loving humanity of all types, of all races, of all religions—William Norman Guthrie and John Haynes Holmes may be said to be as near together as their churches are far apart. To both men, Syud Hossain

was a brother, Gandhi a prophet, and the Indians a people who have a God-given right to be free—a nation deserving of a future as glorious as their past has been.

I divided my attention between the speaker and his audience. As he was earnest and fine-spirited, so were his hearers absorbed and sympathetic. It was not alone the ability, the charm, and the earnestness of the man that held the audience, nor yet the beauty of the message that was his; there was something more, and that something, I could not but feel, was the result of an intense personal contact with a great movement, and rare insight into a great man. Mahatma Gandhi, symbolizing India, was in the speaker's heart and mind, and one could not but feel that every one of the men and women present carried away a vivid picture of the revered leader, and a very real understanding of the thing that he is so miraculously carrying forward on the far side of the world. The story of the non-violent revolutionary movement that possesses India today was not wholly new to the audience. The letter of it, so to speak, was theirs, but Mr. Hossain imparted to them the spirit of it. He gave them the inner meaning of the message that, if accepted, spells surcease from war and all its horrors and awful aftermath, and holds out promise of universal peace.

I found myself wishing that everyone of the intent audience had been a child, for the hope of the world is in the youth—a youth that shall have learned the power of love and the true inwardness of the golden rule. Syud Hossain has brought to thousands of Americans the personality of the man who has learned the one, and is living the other. He has made us realize as we have not realized before, the type of people to whom God, as some of us believe, is today intrusting the doing of his word on earth. He is urging the fulfilment of the teachings of the Prince of Peace—teachings that the west has so miserably failed to grasp—and this, not wholly by what he says, but by what he is. He has brought home to our hearts what others have held up to our minds, the thought that the east and the west are one. We need both messages and both kinds of messengers, and that in increasing numbers. "Before there can be peace in the world," this man insists, "the people of the world must understand each other, and before they can do this they must know each other." Both Syud Hossain, a Mohammedan, and "Saint" Gandhi, a Hindu, are saying with some of us: When people know each other they will love each other, and then, and not till then, shall there be "no more war."

British Table Talk

London, January, 9, 1922.

THE London Missionary Society has received much attention in the press during the last week. Since it is more than likely that echoes of echoes may have crossed the Atlantic, a precise statement of facts will prove timely. In two high schools at Bungalow an experiment has been tried. Non-Christians in these schools are 8 to 1, but all the students receive definite Christian instruction; of that there is no question. The difficulty begins with the prayer offered before the time of instruction. The heads of the schools are quite clear that it is wrong to invite non-Christians to use language in prayer which they do not believe. In a class for instruction they do not commit themselves; in prayer they do, if they use Christian language. The alternatives are, therefore, either in so religious a country as India to have no united prayer, or to provide some form of prayer which may be used without committing the students to a Christian profession. The directors of the school resolved to try as an experiment the second of these alternatives and they issued a book of prayers and hymns for that purpose. These are not non-Christian in spirit; they are, for the most part, prayers such as might be used and are used in most Christian churches. These facts have been lost sight of in the controversy. It is an experiment tried in two schools, it does not apply to the Christian instruction which is sound and definite; it concerns say the time from 9 a. m. (supposing that the school began at 9) and 9-10 a. m. and not the time between 9-10 a. m. and 10 a. m.

* * *

The Board's Action

Even so, this experiment has not received the sanction of the board. It was indeed resolved in June, 1921, that the heads of these schools should not be forbidden to use the book; the main reason lay in the general principle that we must trust the workers on the spot. But in December further action was taken. Realizing that this problem was part of the much larger problem of religious instruction throughout the range of Indian

missions, the board held in abeyance its previous resolution and determined upon a complete investigation of the larger question. With this, nearly all of its members, even of those opposed to the action of the missionaries, agreed. An amendment, with a bearing upon the Bungalow issue was not passed, partly because, though its terms were general, it seemed likely to commit the inquiry upon specific matters. As at present the matter stands, the board is committed to nothing but to a searching and inclusive investigation into the character of the Christian education provided throughout its missions in India.

* * *

Dr. Jowett and Others

By publishing simply the amendment and the voting upon it, some journals have left the impression that the board of the London Missionary Society by a majority of 180 to 2 is unwilling to pledge itself to keep the name of our Lord forever in the heart of its Indian work. The impression has been conveyed that Dr. Jowett, of all men, is a ring-leader in this startling movement, away from all that the society has ever loved. Nothing could be more misleading as Dr. Jowett himself has shown. His letter to the press goes far; but alas! when once a misrepresentation, even if it is unintentional, has a start, it is hard to overtake. It may be put on record, however, that the board on the same morning in December passed a resolution on another matter which contained the confession of its belief that in no other name than the name of Christ is there salvation. It may be taken as a grotesque travesty to declare that the board of this society is disloyal to Christ. After explanations are given and the facts are known, such a travesty can no longer be believed.

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Ceremonial in the Church

The Free Catholic conference has met and carried through its very interesting discussion of worship. At the session in which I had to state, as indicated in my letter of last week, the reasons

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for the Protestant revolt against ceremonial, there was another paper by Dr. Biggs of Oxford, a great authority on the history of worship. The Free Catholics listened to my defense of the "Protestant revolt" with the utmost fairness and yet with a certain feeling that while the Protestants could be defended historically as against the church of the sixteenth century and its customs, it was no longer necessary to continue their protest.

At the same time they seemed quite agreed that there must be freedom offered to the Christian experience to shape for itself new expressions within the catholic church. The morning, however, was memorable to one at least of those present for the beautiful and gracious spirit of Dr. Biggs, who, like so many of the children of the tractarians, is passionately seeking for a fellowship with others of other schools of experience. It is in the spirit of such men that our best hope lies, not perhaps of corporate reunion—that is not yet within sight—but of a spiritual fellowship. And which of our free churchmen would not feel in the presence of such men that he has much to learn, both from their vision and their devotion?

* * *

An Election

The air is full of election rumors. The chief matters at issue do not appear to concern the national welfare; there is rather a tug-of-war between various political parties within the coalition. It would be unprofitable to take up the time of American readers with nice points of political strategy. It is admitted that there are several good hands at tactics. Among our politicians there is Sir George Younger and Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Churchill. But as a somewhat detached observer I should doubt whether there is anyone comparable to Mr. Lloyd George in the field of strategy. He has an immensely strong position and if he can carry through his Cannes program, this, after the Irish settlement, will make him stronger than at any previous time. But coalitions are never popular here, and it is an open secret that the conservative wing is more restless than the other. If an election comes swiftly, it would present a strange scene of comparison. But one thing is clear, there will be no eclipse of the premier.

* * *

The New Year's Honors

It would be an embarrassing question for most of us, if we had to annotate (without being coached) the list of those who received honors at the beginning of the year. We always expect, and nearly always find one distinguished brewer or distiller. There are sure to be one or two leading actors; several proprietors of newspapers. But one at least of the names will receive no criticism. There is an honor which cannot be depreciated. Of knights and baronets there may be many, but of those who can sign O. M. (Order of Merit) there is a severely limited number. To this inner circle Sir James Barrie has been admitted; and no one will doubt his fitness. It is long since we learned to admire the Auld Licht Idylls; but throughout the long years of his literary life he has never failed his readers. Lately he has limited himself to the theatre, and as a playwright he has a place of his own for tenderness and humanity, for his command of tears and laughter and for his appeal to all ages; and he has not yet lost his old power of surprising his readers. They have not yet exhausted his rich imagination.

* * *

And So Forth

The death of Sir G. Sims Woodhead removes from our nation a great scientist, a powerful temperance advocate and an earnest and faithful member of the Congregational church. One of the last writings of his I have seen is a long and most interesting review of Dr. Balone's book on Medicine in China. During the war Sir Sims Woodhead served as brevet-colonel in the R. A. M. C., being twice mentioned in despatches for his services. He invented a process for chlorination of the water supplied to the troops, in order to prevent the spread of disease through con-

tamination, and acted as Inspector of Laboratories of military hospitals in the United Kingdom, and was for some time adviser in pathology to the war office. Two years ago he was created a Knight of the British Empire. He leaves a widow, but no family. . . . There is much theological controversy proceeding. The head of Ripon Hall, Oxford, has been attacked for his attitude towards the resurrection. Dr. Rashdall, The Dean of Carlisle, has been using plain language to Dr. Gore; the dean is inclined to hit back. . . . Westhill College has had great success in its courses of study arranged in different centers for Sunday School teachers. Altogether in the autumn during nine weeks over 2,000 students have been affected. . . . Dr. Schweitzer is to deliver the Dale lectures at Mansfield twice a week during February. He will receive a welcome not merely from Oxford theologians, but from its musicians, for Dr.

Schweitzer is not only a doctor and a theologian of European eminence, he is one of the leading exponents of Bach. . . . From the Life of the late Lord Salisbury, "The worship that emerged and that governed his maturity was wholly personal in its inspiration and knew nothing of metaphysical abstractions. He worshipped Christ—not the Christ-type or the Christ-ideal or the 'divine revealed in the human.' The vision though clothed always with the mystery which to him was an essential and indeed in itself an evidential condition of man's approach to God was to the end apprehended with all the direct simplicity of childhood."

CORRESPONDENCE

Cheapening Religion

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: Yours is a great paper and leads in a sane, correct, modernism which I heartily endorse. Its ideas of the Bible are right. Its theology is not hampered by the sixteenth century traditions. Its evangelism is against the dreadful "Billy Sunday" kind. But my special purpose is to commend most unqualifiedly Rev. L. C. Douglas' article, "The Galilean Psychology." We have cheapened truth, our churches and ourselves by doing what this article inveighs against and which I abominate.

RALPH W. BROKAW.

First Presbyterian Church,
Utica, N. Y.

Differs With Douglas

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: The reading of the article, "The Galilean Psychology," Rev. Lloyd C. Douglas, was both a delight and a profit. I do not, however, agree with all he sets forth. I altogether disagree with him in what he terms "bad publicity" or church advertising. He holds Christianity does not need to be advertised because "Christianity is unique." He further says, "In Christian civilization it has no competition worth mentioning." By this he evidently means Christianity in Christian civilization has no competition worthy of itself.

As an analogy he writes: "If castile soap were the only soap on the market with no other to be had it would be doubtful if advertising would be of any value." The fact is this, that even if castile soap were the only soap on the market it would be necessary to advertise it and to carry on such advertising quite extensively. All people need soap, but people always do not use what they need. Cows' milk is the only product of its kind on the market, it is something all people need. Yet the Dairymen's League is carrying out a very extensive program of advertising to urge people to use what they need.

Now then it happens that there are many varieties of castile soap on the market and advertising of these different brands is necessary. It also happens that there are many varieties of Christianity in the world. These are giving legitimate, pure Christianity

a hard struggle. Moreover, there are other religions giving Christianity a hard rub. Christianity does have competition worthy of notice in both Christian and pagan civilizations. To mention some of this competition is easy, there are Mohammedism, Romanism, Mormonism, Bahaim, Christian Science, Unitarianism, Premillennialism, and many others of the kind. The publicity these give themselves and have given to themselves by the press is indeed a challenge to the Christian church.

The idea of discipleship on the job in constant personal work is splendid. Every member of every Christian church is not, however, on the job and until every member of every church is on the job it behooves the church to utilize whatever medium it has at its disposal. As long as the church refuses to use the press as a medium of reaching the millions unchurched, so long is it indeed missing one of the greatest servants of the age. Preachers, teachers and evangelists may reach their hundreds, but it is the press that reaches the millions day by day.

If Rev. Mr. Douglas thinks the printed page is not an efficacious medium for reaching the many why does he write books and publish articles? Is it not after all but another way of advertising?

JOHN MANDER.

Hillsborough Reformed Church,
Millstone, N. J.

The Cult of Dying

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: Shall the widespread publicity through the daily press given to the passing of Benedict XV go without comment touching its effect or purpose as Catholic propaganda on the essential dogma of dying, and the hereafter of a Christian soul? All agree that the pope was an estimable and useful man, a great figure for a brief time in his own communion of the faithful. But now again the cult of dying and of death, as taught in the church of Rome, comes into the foreground. No anti-Catholic jealousy, nor pro-Protestant pride moves one to an inadvertent on this open, painstaking, continuous publicity of Benedict XV's dying, the expose of frequent masses, the use of the repetitious rosary, of extreme unction, of invocations and prayers, and the sacrament for the repose of his soul. All these rites of a Catholic cult of dying and death and the hereafter doubtless are of intense and sincere interest to the Catholic world. But why parade these intimacies of a soul—these privacies of dying, before the vastly greater number of people who hold and practice a very different faith as to God, whose goodness allows not a sparrow to fall to earth unnoticed, and the faith in Jesus Christ, who stands for an immediate, absolute forgiveness of sins, whose grace toward sinful men is free and full, whose salvation is made complete on man's acceptance?

Only two days later than the pope's demise occurs that of Viscount Bryce. The papers pay tribute to his inestimable services as statesman, scholar, world-student-traveler and writer. But in his case no mention is made of his dying—save that it was a sudden death. There was no meticulous narrative of funeral rites—as of a nine days wonder—such as attends a pope; only that his body was cremated at Golders Green cemetery outside London. Why this difference? Do we not well recall the facts relating to a Protestant belief and cultus as to dying and death at a moment of Christian versus Catholic suspense now manifest?

All too early the primitive gospel fell into monarchic official hands. A religious autocracy was set up in the church. The official, whether secular or religious, feels duty bound to be officious, i. e. to dominate, guide, train the general mass and mind. Hence the slowly growing supervision by the church of Christian living, doing and dying, leaving no most intimate affair of day and night, no privacy of faith and salvation, but must be invaded and ruled by the priest. A Christian man could in no sense or degree call his soul his own, or even God's.

The dying of a pope, or other member of the hierarchy now assembling at Rome, but emphasizes by contrast the beautiful, joyful freedom of the faith belonging to the humblest Protestant believer in and possessor of the life in Christ triumphant over sin and death.

It is a gracious offset to Benedict XV's dying ceremonies and ostentatious parade of holy sacraments to have in mind the pure, simple obsequies that celebrated the passing of so great a spirit as that of James Bryce of England and America.

Lombard, Ill.

QUINCY L. DOWN.

Letting the Bible Do Its Own Preaching

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: I am wondering if our minister is not accomplishing something that no other minister in America is even attempting.

For years our boroughs have been content to attend church in the morning and call that a day's service. Consequently only the faithful few were at the evening service. When Rev. H. E. Stafford took the work two years ago he tried in several different ways by the preaching of the gospel through sermon to "fill the house" in the evening. He increased the crowd materially by "special" sermons, but the increase was not regular. Then he asked the board to give up the evening service and put on an afternoon vesper service and provide special music. As his part Mr. Stafford compiled Bible readings, dramatized books of the Bible, or episodes in the life of Bible characters, using the exact Bible text wherever possible, committing these to memory and rendering them in dramatic form. Sometimes he chose materials from other writers of Bible dramas, such as the work of Miss Miller, or that of Miss Russell. From the first these readings commanded the attention and held the interest of the people. And though we have had the best soloists and quartettes from Pittsburgh, yet it is the reading of the scriptures that grips the people, for there is a most intense silence always during the rendition of any drama or reading. After all when the Bible is really read it grips far more than the best sermon. Consequently without advertising, save as the services advertise themselves, the audience has grown until even on bad days we are forced to use the Bible School room to contain the crowd.

Mr. Stafford prepares his readings and dramas so as to appeal to the imagination, create a conflict in the emotions and then by a high dramatic incident sets forth the truth he aims to teach. If any other minister is doing this—preaching by reading the word—we would be glad to learn about his work.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

C. F. NETROW, Pres. of Board

More Infallible Proofs

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: All thoughtful readers of The Christian Century will gladly acknowledge their gratitude to Mr. Archibald G. Sinclair for his scholarly and conclusive discussion of the authorship of the 46th Psalm. The argument is overwhelming as far as it goes; but as is so often the case with many first-rate Bible exegetes, he fails to carry through to the end and prove that the author was WILLIAM, and not Joseph Shakespeare. This is highly important, for unless it can be clearly established it was William the Psalm has no proper place in the Sacred Book and should no longer be read from the pulpit.

Let us then take up the pursuit of this matter where Mr. Sinclair has left off. The first syllable of Shakespeare is revealed to us in the third verse. The second syllable is carefully concealed from us until the ninth verse. So far so good.

Now we may be very sure that the author having taken such pains both to reveal and to conceal his surname will be equally careful to at once conceal and reveal his Christian name. So we continue. In the very next verse, the tenth, we find that the two most emphatic words are "I AM" and "I WILL". The second of these is the more emphatic both by reason of its position in the sentence and by its repetition. If then, we give them their proper form and order we have "WILL-I-AM," which by all proper standards of orthography is W-I-L-L-I-A-M, William—Q. E. D.

This is guaranteed to be a product of American scholarship which I think you will admit is not only similar but also quite the equal of the English brand imported by Mr. Sinclair.

Schenectady, N. Y.

ARTHUR R. BROWN.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

How the Prophet Brought Life to the Boy*

THE boy was dead. Elisha put his mouth to the child's mouth, his eyes to the child's eyes, his hands upon the child's hands—and the child lived. As a little boy I very much disliked this picture and I have never been able to get away from that feeling. Immediately, therefore, I am going to turn to the thought of a wonderful sermon which I once heard from this text. The great preacher sought to show that in order to save a boy you must put your eyes to his eyes and your hands upon his hands. With your saving superiority (which must be superior, else you could not save him) you must come into the boy's world, your eyes to his eyes, your hands to his hands. For all that the psychologists have to say about the immaturity of the seeming mature, the childishness of the grown-ups, adults have a fashion of hardening and setting into another realm. Too frequently they lose all sense of the children's wonder world. The best man with boys that I ever knew possessed the soul of a boy and the brain of a man. Without difficulty he could live and move and have his being in the boy's realm. To see him build a fire in the woods, fish in the river, erect a cabin, plan a game, was to be aware of this ability of his to think a boy's thoughts and see with a boy's eyes. It is pathetic for parents and teachers to lose touch with their children, yet this is always happening.

Down in Tennessee a doctor's mule strayed away. Five dollars reward was offered anyone who would bring the mule home. All the men and boys tried to earn that five, but without success. In the little town was a half-wit named Jim. He came to the doctor and asked if the money would be given him if he found the donkey and was assured that it would. The next day at noon Jim came down Main street triumphantly leading that donkey. He got the reward but as he turned smilingly away the doctor said, "Jim, I want to ask you one question—How did you find that donkey?" "Wal," said Jim, "I just went out thar and sat on that-er stone an' axed myself where would I go if I was a jackass, and I went thar and thar he was." This same philosophy applied to boys instead of to mules would go far toward the solution of the so-called boy problem. If you were a boy where would you go? When you were a boy where did you go and what did you do? What outlets did you have for adventure? What elements in adults did you dislike? What was there in the Sunday-school that got on your nerves? What kind of books, people, ministers, games, schools, did you like? It is all so simple. Strange we wanted to mold the lad to our world!

Jane Addams wrote a book called "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets." The trouble with most of us is that we were reared in rural districts where we had fields, woods, rivers, horses, pets, orchards, watermelon patches and boundless liberties. But our children must live in the city streets. The only field is the park more than a mile away. The horse is a bicycle or car, the woods is a telephone-pole, the orchard and melon patch is Tony's fruit stand, the liberty is gone. How shall we afford a boy his natural realm when he lives in a flat and has no place to play but the pavement? The Boy Scout movement has come to our aid, but our problem is to get the money-mad adults, the social-climbing adults, the thick-headed unimaginative older folks to take an interest in the Boy Scout and Girl Scout movements! Incredible but true.

We must see with a boy's eyes religiously. His world is not the theological realm of the denominationalist. The essentials will appeal to him, God, the Father, Christ, the hero, fair-play, generosity and chivalry. He will swear allegiance to Jesus

Christ when properly taught and when he admires the man or woman who talks to him about this all-important decision. More-over boys and girls do not need a special sermon; they need the church service with all its stateliness, its great hymns, its communion service, its high decisions, all its symbols and all its power and movement. If I had to take my choice between my boys going to Sunday-school and then going home or missing Sunday-school altogether and attending the church service I would take the latter. This may seem revolutionary but it deserves thought. The great preacher is simple, he is a boy grown older, every sermon has its stories; he sees the children in the pews and his heart goes out to them. Something in the sermon is for them; he sees with their eyes, he helps them grasp God, eternal life and heaven. He puts their trusting hands into the hand of the Man of Galilee. He lives for his children.

JOHN R. EWERS

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*Lesson for February 12, "Elisha and the Shunammite Woman." 2 Kings 4:18-22, 27, 30, 32-35.

NEWS OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD

A Department of Interdenominational Acquaintance

Religious Liberals Hold Meeting in the West

The National Federation of Religious Liberals held its annual meeting in the west this year, going to Sioux City, Ia. The sessions were held in First Unitarian church. The personnel included men from five denominations, Universalist, Unitarian, Jewish, Congregational and Friends. Though this was the first meeting in a western city, the meetings were largely attended. Plans were considered for holding regional meetings in various parts of the country during the year. Both churches and ministers are admitted to membership in the organization. Rev. Charles Wendte, D.D., was chosen honorary president, and Dr. Jesse H. Holmes of Swarthmore, Pa., president. The secretary is Frank H. Burt of Boston, Mass. Among the letters read was one from Chief Justice Taft expressing the desire to enroll as a member of the organization. Among the interesting addresses was one on "The Place of the Holy Spirit in the Religion of Liberals" by Dr. Ambrose W. Vernon of Carleton college.

Church at National Capital Makes Progress

Vermont Avenue Disciples church in Washington, D. C., the church where President Garfield worshipped, is to have a new building through the cooperation of the denomination all over the nation. A change of location is being considered and several choice pieces of property are now under review, but no actual purchase has yet been made. Last year this church received 184 new members. The money raised for all purposes was \$31,753.30, about one-third of which went to missions, benevolence and education. Rev. Earle Wilfley is the pastor of the church, and his audiences have been well maintained in face of a constantly decreasing force of government clerks in Washington.

McCall Mission in France Is Now Fifty Years Old

The McCall Mission in France is now fifty years old, and in celebrating the anniversary a thoroughly worthy record of achievement has been published. The mission is called "le mission populaire evangelique" in France. It was founded by the late Dr. and Mrs. Robert Whitaker McCall on January 17, 1872, in a rented store in the riot-swept home of the commune. Many cities in France invited him to visit them after the report of his work in Paris spread. At the time of his death there were McCall halls from the channel to the Mediterranean. In these halls, in addition to the preaching services, there are daily exercises and classes for the boys and girls, young people's clubs, boy scout organizations, temperance work, mothers' meetings and many other of the characteristic settlement activities. The work in France has a committee of direction composed of French Lutherans, Baptists, Reformed church people, Epis-

copalians and Presbyterians. In America the movement is supported by the American McCall Association. There are fifty-three senior and twelve junior auxiliaries in various parts of the country. The American organization is headed by Mrs. F. B. Kelley.

Wittenberg College Will Campaign for Theological Students

Although the Lutheran denomination is by no means as desperate for ministerial reinforcements as is many another denomination, nevertheless it does face the fact that there are 351 vacant parishes which include 542 congregations. Wittenberg college has become the voice of a new movement to recruit the ministry up to full strength. During the next two or three months banquets will be held in local churches all through the territory served by this college. These banquets will be addressed by prominent speakers who will present the urgent needs for more men for the ministry, and will make the appeal direct to the young men and boys of the congregation to consider the ministry. It is estimated from reports made to the college office that between 350 and 400 banquets will be held this year, and it will require at least eighty speakers to go out and make the addresses before these gatherings. In a good many of the churches movie films will be shown showing college life at Wittenberg. Rev. H. C. Roehner, pastor of First Lutheran church of Mansfield, Ohio, in discussing this movement recently said: "The need

of the Christian religion is being felt more strongly today than perhaps it ever has in all spheres of human activity. And just at this important time when the need is being felt so keenly, and there is a looking to Christianity for help, we are brought face to face with the alarming and lamentable shortage in the number of pastors, men on whom the carrying forward of the church depends most."

Washington Has a Conference on Evangelism

Washington has a strong Federation of Churches, one of the largest in the country. One hundred local churches are affiliated with this organization. Recently the federation stood sponsor for a conference on evangelism. Dr. Charles L. Goodell of the Federal Council was the master of ceremonies. Denominational specialists and leaders connected with national organizations who participated in the conference were Dr. Charles F. Aked, Rev. J. M. Bader, Dr. R. C. Helfenstein, Dr. Walter B. Greenway, Rev. H. F. Stillwell and Rev. George B. Dean.

Head of Chaplains Corps Will Travel

Col. John T. Axton, head of the chaplains' organization of the United States Army, has received permission from the secretary of war to travel and inspect the work of the various chaplains over the country. The effort will be made to introduce in every camp those methods which have proven to be most effective

Disciples Congregationalism Falls Down In Missouri

THE commonwealth of Clark and his "houm" dawg" has long been the section where Disciples churches have led all other religious denominations in point of numbers. State Secretary Caspar C. Garrigues has recently given to the public some carefully drawn-up statistics in which the result of the extreme congregationalism of the Disciples is seen as producing results little short of suicidal. Mr. Garrigues says: "Out of 1,025 churches or groups of Disciples in Missouri, only 162 have full-time preaching, 22 three-fourths time, 136 half-time, 417 quarter-time, 288 no preaching, and at least 705 church groups over which there is practically no shepherding care on the part of any preacher. Of these 1,025 churches and groups in Missouri, 380 made some offering last year to Missouri missions. Thirty-six of these 380 contributing churches gave more than half of all that was given to Missouri missions during the year. These thirty-six churches, representing a membership of 24,000, gave an average of 35 cents per member for state missions for 1920-21.

In analyzing the situation, Mr. Garrigues rightly comes to the conclusion

that the Disciples have in recent years given so much attention to national and international enterprises in religion that they have neglected the home base. The Missouri state organization has divided its territory into seven districts, and in each district there are county organizations. Each district now has a superintendent. The mass evangelism idea still possesses the denomination to such an extent that the activities of these superintendents is largely in the field of revivalism instead of church methodology. In some counties the churches are strong enough to provide a county superintendent who mothers the weak churches. This is particularly so in the sixth district, where twelve such men are now at work. The problem of ministerial education is also an urgent one. While many of the Missouri preachers are of the very best training, many more have but little more than high school education. It is either organization or disintegration with the Disciples, and Missouri, having the most serious problems arising from individualism on the part of the churches, is making some of the most courageous efforts to meet these problems.

in the carrying on of religious work. No denominational issue will be considered, as the chaplain is directed in his work. The present organization of religious work in the army is far and away the most effective that has ever developed. Under the new ruling each chaplain must produce a distinctly religious result.

Dr. Willett Reaches Butte on Western Tour

A note from Rev. B. N. Lingenfelter of Butte, Mont., gives the following information: "Dr. Herbert L. Willett was with us over Sunday. He gave three great addresses, one at the Shortridge Memorial Christian church, one at the Y. M. C. A., and one at a union service at the First Baptist church in the evening. The three churches uniting were the Congregational, Baptist and Disciples. Not all churches are yet aware

of the fact that there is such a great cooperative movement as the Federal

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Council of Churches. We are planning to have Dr. Willett come to Butte again and give a series of addresses under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The people are hungry for the kind of gospel he preaches. One attorney came from a neighboring town to hear him, saying, 'I am hungry. My spiritual diet at home is premillennialism.' His daughter is a student in one of our state institutions. She came home on her recent holiday visit. He asked her if she attended church while at college. Her answer was, 'Dad, people who think don't attend church any more.' It would be a great service if men of the type of Dr. Willett could give more time to visiting the churches and colleges of the country."

Dr. Clifford Has Operation for Cataract

Dr. Clifford, veteran Baptist minister of England, is a kind of living miracle of vitality and efficiency at the age of eighty-six. He was run down by an automobile on his latest birthday and recovered nicely from his injuries. His sight has been impaired by cataracts, and when the second eye recently became seriously involved, Dr. Clifford submitted to an operation. It is stated that he is now able to see better than for many years. While he was having his operation, he was summoned to court as a passive resister against the school tax. The ground of Dr. Clifford's resistance is that the control of the education in England has been put into ecclesiastical hands, a method obnoxious to a Baptist as indeed to all freechurchmen of England.

Has a Revolving Cross on the church

Illuminated crosses on churches are to be found in several large cities, but in St. Louis is one that is different. Union Avenue Christian church has erected a revolving cross on the tower of its great building. Beginning with the first night of the new year, this cross is lighted every night from twilight until midnight. As the church is located on an elevation the revolving cross can be seen for great distances around. This is the church attended by many of the secretaries of the United Christian Missionary Society since St. Louis became the headquarters city of the Disciples organized work. Dr. George A. Campbell is pastor.

English Now Have an Ordained Woman Minister

While women have for many years been ordained in certain American denominations, the idea of an ordained woman minister is still new to the English mind. Recently Rev. Claud M. Coltman and Rev. Constance Mary Coltman were installed as joint ministers at Maida Vale Congregational church, West London. They were ordained at King's Weigh House by Dr. Orchard after they had pursued studies together at Mansfield college, Oxford. Mrs. Coltman says with regard to the ministry: "It is the crown of feminism, the culmination

of the whole movement of the age. You cannot have social and political equality without spiritual equality." In the pulpit, Mrs. Coltman wears a purple cassock with a university college gown and cap, though not out of deference to St. Paul, she says.

Rallies of American Indians Will Be Held

Large aggregations of Indians will be brought together at an early date, not to dance the war dance, but to take interest in the extension of the gospel among their comrades. This program is one of the results of the recent annual meeting of the Home Missions Council in New York. The movement will be started in two or three cities of Oklahoma. Other meetings will be held at Albuquerque, Riverdale, Sacramento, Seattle, Laramie and Sioux Falls. A recent survey shows that there are 336,000 Indians, two out of three of whom are now citizens of the United States. While a few Indians have been made rich by oil, the vast majority are abjectly poor. The new Indian commissioner, a South Dakota Episcopalian appointed by President Harding, finds one of his chief functions in preventing the Indians from being cheated by white men of low character.

Lord's Day Being Attacked in New England

It may be something of a shock to people in other sections of the country to learn that some of the most serious attacks against the Christian day of worship are being made in New England. The character of many communities has utterly changed. During the war the Massachusetts legislature passed a bill legalizing Sunday work on the farms in order to produce food to win the war. The act by its own terms was automatically abrogated at the end of the war. There is now a new bill in the legislature extending these privileges indef-

nitely, and adding the privilege that the farmer may sell his products on Sunday, including apple juice. The latter provision is regarded by keen observers as a "joker" which would bring back into the state something not unlike a Sunday saloon, for it is well known that hard cider is a beverage which produces positive results. The Lord's Day League of New England recently held its annual meeting and reports the most successful year of its history. The organization fights such proposed legislation as that in Massachusetts, and is trying to put an end to Sunday agricultural fairs throughout New England at which an admission fee is charged.

Heresy Trial in Church of England Is Interesting

The church of England usually prefers not to push heresy trials against its ministers, depending upon the recital of the creeds and the litany to keep the people orthodox. One of the results of the Modern Churchmen's conference held at Cambridge University last summer is a heresy trial which is following the course of medieval ecclesiastical procedure. Rev. H. A. D. Major, head of Ripon college, Oxford, is charged with denying the resurrection of Christ, and of importing into the Christian religion the teachings of Buddha. This charge is brought by Rev. C. E. Douglas, who controls the Faith Press. The charge against Mr. Major has damaged him in his work. While he is for the most part refraining from public discussion while the case is pending, it is interesting to note the Hibbert Journal for January has an article from his pen in which he distinguishes between the position of modern churchmen and that of the Unitarians. American Unitarians have of late been trying to claim some of the English Episcopalians as brethren.

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“We cannot regard what Jesus was,” the author concludes, “as an open question; we must assume that to be settled by nineteen centuries of Christian witness. Hence when critics of the gospel records of his ministry diverge from the accepted view of the church on this point we can only reply that they are not in a position to determine it; we know Jesus, not from criticism of literary sources, but from the unimpeachable fact that there is a continuity of Christian life which claims to derive historically from him and to be immediately dependent upon fellowship with him in the ordinances of the church and the ministry of the word.”

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